

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3636.—VOL. CXXXIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1908.

SIXPENCE.

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A "100 UP"—AND DOWN: BILLIARDS ON A LINER, ON A TABLE THAT LEVELS ITSELF MECHANICALLY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Billiards on board ship cannot be called altogether a 'new idea, for a billiard-table on a swinging deck was a feature of the famous "Great Eastern." Now there has been invented the table here shown in use, the bed of which levels itself mechanically, and remains level while the vessel is pitching and the body of the table is well out of the plumb. A description of this table will be found on our "World's News" page.



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PINKIE AND THE FAIRIES." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.  
"SAY you believe in fairies?" asks Peter Pan at a memorable moment of Mr. Barrie's fantasy. The child-protagonists of Mr. Graham Robertson's rather similar and equally charming play would boldly declare for such a creed. The whole object of the story is to contrast the clear-eyed idealism of the young with the myopic indifference of old. While its grown-up folk are blind to all the marvels which are such realities to their juniors; while Uncle Gregory grumbles over the newspaper reports of falls in stocks, and walks through a dance of the "little people" without noticing them; while the maiden aunts are concerned with charity needlework or household cares, and cannot perceive the fairies in the glow of sunset, but chatter about Turner; while Cousin Molly contemplates elopement with her lover, and is half-ashamed, half-sceptical over the sights and sounds she is still young enough to catch—Pinkie, and her small brother Tommy can hear plainly the winding of the horns of Elfland, can see and talk with Titania's retainers, and can even visit, along with love-sick Molly, the court of the fairy queen, there to meet nursery-book heroes and heroines. Nor are Mr. Robertson's poetic fancy and insight into child-nature his play's only delights; nor will audiences have to be content for entertainment at His Majesty's merely with gorgeous pictures of fairyland, exquisitely arranged dances, and a series of songs set to airs as pretty as the verse; for the author turns a sense of humour to excellent effect, notably in his conception of Princess Cinderella as rather blasé with her court life and voluble over her many engagements. Droll, too, is his presentment of his Sleeping Beauty as always "on the nod," or his suggestion of rivalry between the two Jacks of nursery fame. Mr. Tree provides a cast which is as superb as the play's setting. It includes Miss Ellen Terry, her old radiant self, as one of the aunts; Miss Marie Löhr, who hints roughly at Cinderella's "smartness"; Miss Viola Tree, who, as Sleeping Beauty, has the best songs and sings the best; Miss Stella Campbell, who hits off the self-consciousness of Molly; two extremely natural children, Iris Hawkins and Philip Tonge, in the parts of Pinkie and Tommy; and little Miss Elsie Craven, who, as Queen of the Fairies, proves herself a born actress and a wonder at the art of dancing.

## "THE BOYS' BOOK OF STEAMSHIPS."

THERE is a double fascination for boys in the subject of steamships. They are part of the romance of the sea, with its call to a life of adventure, which has appealed to the imagination of boys from time immemorial, and will continue to appeal to them until the time comes when there is no more sea—or no more boys. The added fascination which belongs to the steamship, over and above that of the sailing-vessel, is the wonder of machinery and engineering, which is so intensely interesting to a boy of mechanical tastes, or, indeed, to any boy: for was there ever one, since steam-power was invented, who did not delight in engines? In "The Boys' Book of Steamships" (Grant Richards), Mr. J. R. Howden has treated this absorbing subject in a manner that will at once win the heart of every healthy boy, and of many a girl too, for was it not the fairest of their sex who "launched a thousand ships"? Lucky indeed is the nephew or niece for whom a benevolent uncle, searching round the bookshops, selects this volume as a Christmas present. It is a companion volume to the same author's "Boys' Book of Locomotives," and has a coloured frontispiece, with over a hundred illustrations from picked photographs supplied direct by numerous shipbuilding firms, and showing methods and stages of naval architecture such as the ordinary photographer has not the technical knowledge or facilities to take. Two introductory chapters tell the story of shipbuilding from Noah's Ark onwards, and deal, of course, with sailing-vessels as well as steamers. Then follow chapters on the coming of steam, the machinery and accommodation of the modern liner, the work of navigation, lake and river steamers, and special accounts of some of the chief ocean lines. Ships of war are not included.

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**GEORGE REEL.**  
The War in the Air. H. G. Wells. 6s.

## TALKS WITH TOM BINGLEY, M.P.

BY G. S. STREET.

XLIV.—THE LAST.

"THIS is a melancholy moment, Tom," said I. "Is it?" he asked. "What's up?" "Nothing is up, Tom; it is you who are down, or will be soon. You are to fall from your pride of place as a person whose reports and views, such as they are, have been followed, week after week, by a multitude of intelligent readers. This is the last time I shall ask you for news of Parliament. It is, I repeat, a melancholy moment. Aren't you sorry?" "No, I'm not," said he, with extreme decisiveness. "I'm jolly glad. And so, I expect, are you too, if you'd tell the truth about it. The House of Commons is all very well as an interesting theme if you're there, and can notice the little oddities and humours and pathetic incidents, and all that sort of thing, for yourself. But if you're dependent upon someone else's report for all that, it must be jolly difficult to work it up every week, I should say; isn't it?" I admitted that it was not the easiest thing in the world. The House of Commons is given to repetitions, to discussing the same thing, with the same arguments on either side, day after day, week after week, not to say session after session, and an outside observer who would pick out a salient point or so, not altogether tedious, is a little hard put to it to find his material week by week. Moreover, it was part of the bargain not to take sides vehemently; but to watch a fight about objects in which one is interested, and not to rush, chafes one's spirit. Yet, after all, the place is extraordinarily interesting. It must reflect the country and the intelligence of the country to some extent, and if one cares about the country and its chances, one has much opportunity, as one reads the debates, to be thoughtful—to rejoice or lament, as the case may be. So I assured my friend that on the whole he had not bored me, even though I acquiesced in the prospect that since he had applied for the Chiltern Hundreds our conversation in the future would be on other themes.

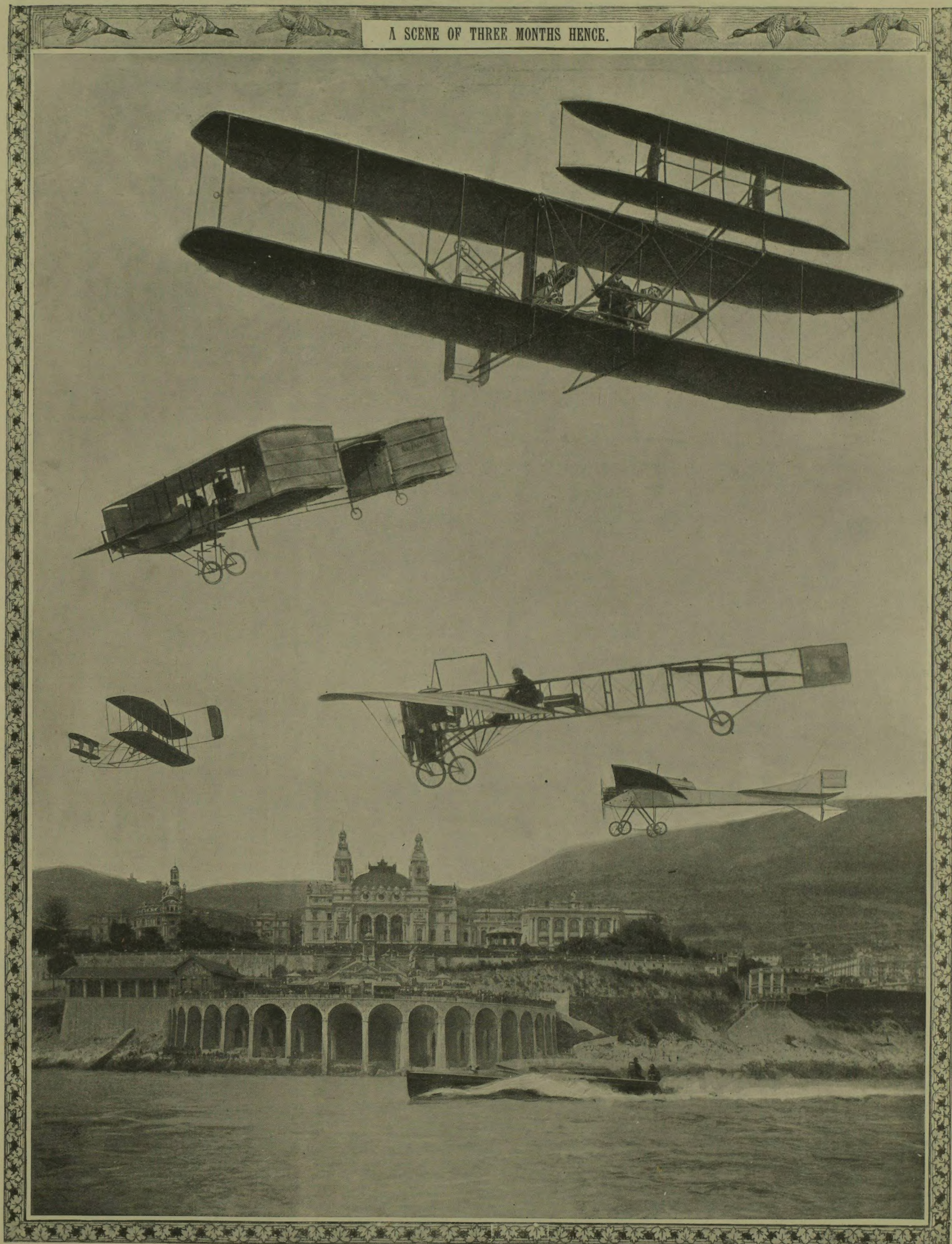
"But, Tom," said I, "what about public spirit? I have never concealed from you my opinion that the existence of so many people like you, with large incomes and no compelling sense that they ought to make a return for them to the community, is a tremendous drag and burden on my unhappy country. There are so many people who take so much and make no return at all, in public spirit, in culture, in manners, in anything. You were better than some, but you were not good enough, until you took this step of being elected to Parliament. It was not likely that you would be of much use there, but at least the thing was a trouble and expense to you; you were doing something, or at least hoping to do something, for the country, and I applauded. And now you are throwing it all up, such as it is. So the position will be that the community gives you several thousand pounds a year, and in return you will honour it by eating and drinking, hunting foxes and shooting partridges. You will not use your leisure to improve your mind; if you buy books, you will buy inferior books—not mine; and if you go to the theatre you will not, probably, encourage the best plays. What have you to say for yourself?"

Tom was quieter under this than I had expected, and made reply gravely. "Well, you know," he said, "the case isn't quite so bad as you say. As for the culture business, I give in at once. I'm not that sort of cove, and it's not a bit of use trying to make myself one. I suppose it was always confined to a few in this country, wasn't it? But take the other things. I've been thinking a good bit since I've been in the House—like the parrot, I suppose, as I haven't talked to it—and I've listened to the Labour fellows, and I think I grasp their point of view. I dare say incomes like mine are a pity, and I for one shouldn't shriek very much if they were considerably docked. House-property, which goes up in value with no effort on the owner's part, and that sort of thing, is a bit unfair on the others; I don't deny it. Also I admit that if the country had elected people to have my sort of income, it wouldn't have elected me—far from it. But here I am with my beastly income, and what's to be done? I know I ought to help shove the concern along, and that to be a mere sort of trough for coin to pass through isn't much of a life. But I don't think Parliament's the right show for fellows like me. If I do my job properly as a squire it's a good business training, you know, and I might be of some use later on, but not at my age; I don't know enough. That's the trouble; fellows like me with no education to speak of, who are shoved into Parliament merely because they're popular figures in their district, don't know enough. They merely stand, in the long run, for their class—the well-to-do—and there are enough to do that without them. I've sense enough to make up my mind about things, but I'm not clever enough to express what I mean, still less to persuade anybody else. The result is that, whenever I sit in the House, I should agree with my side sometimes and disagree other times; and, not being clever enough to make a little side of my own, should simply be futile. When some big thing comes along about which I'm really keen, and if it's a close fight, of course I shall do what I can down my part of the country; and, if there's no one better to stand, I'll stand again. Till then I don't think being bored to death in London is the best way of showing my public spirit. So there you are." "And how else can you, Tom?" "Well, I can do a bit helping to look after my farmers, and labourers' institutions, and all that. There's plenty to do. If you think a squire's life is all hunting and shooting, you're wrong; at any rate it needn't be. Then there's the Territorial business, or whatever scheme of the sort comes along. I can do a bit for that. I don't think you need worry about my uselessness. Now let's take you. How do you propose to show your blooming public spirit? You're not going to wait till you have an independent income, are you?" "Thank you, Tom," said I, "but I've enough material for my last article."



## OCCUPIERS OF THE "AERIAL TERRITORY" ABOVE MONTE CARLO.

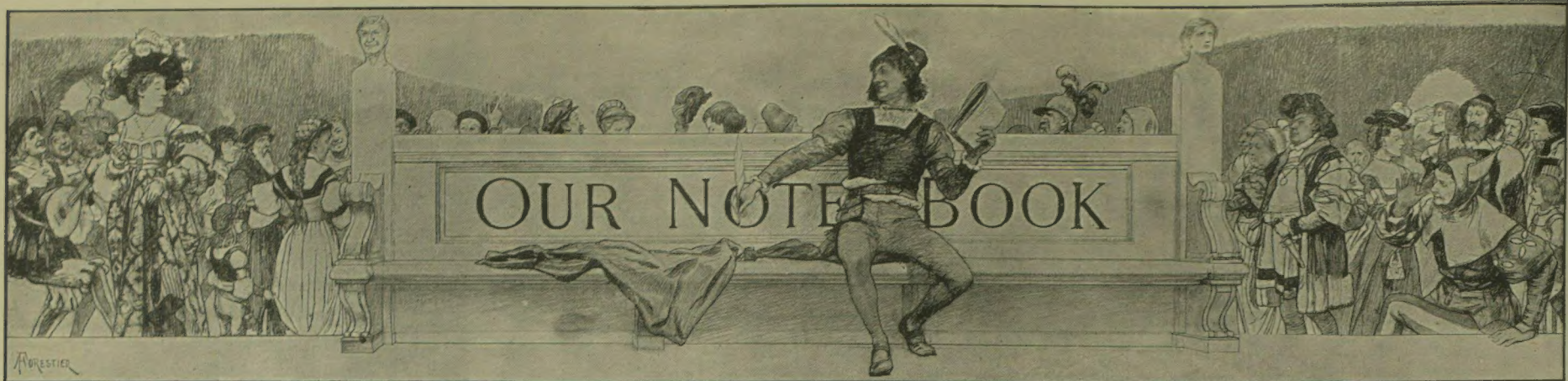
A SCENE OF THREE MONTHS HENCE.



## THE GREAT AEROPLANE RACE AT MONTE CARLO: AN ANTICIPATION.

The question of the flying-machine is more than ever the question of the moment. Mr. Wilbur Wright has made a remarkable flight of sixty-one-and-a-half miles; the French Minister of Public Works is concerned as to the progress made by the inventors of air-ships; and Monte Carlo has announced a great race for aeroplanes that is to take place in about three months' time. In this race the competitors will fly from Monte Carlo, round a mast on Cap Martin, and back to Monte Carlo again, for a prize of 100,000 francs. M. Louis Barthou, the French Minister of Public Works, said a few days ago, "A new chapter will have to be added to international law. Until now it recognised only three kinds of national territory—terrestrial, maritime, and fluvial. A fourth called 'aerial territory' will have to be considered. The first question is whether there is to be a freedom of the air as there is a freedom of the seas, or is the régime of river navigation to be adopted?"





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE very little doubt myself that, somehow or other, an inspiring and compelling creed will return to our country, because religion is really a need, like fires in winter: where there is no vision, the people perish, and perish of cold. The nation that has no gods at all not only dies, but what is more, is bored to death. But if ever a faith is firmly founded again, it will be at least interesting to notice those few things that have bridged the gulf, that stood firm when faith was lost, and were still standing when it was found again. Of these really interesting things one, in all probability, will be the English celebration of Christmas. Father Christmas was with us when the fairies departed; and please God he will still be with us when the gods return.

Of course, it is covered up, like every other living thing, with a sort of moss of convention and the unmeaning use of words. I take an example which has just caught my eye. On the literary advertisement page of a weekly paper to which I am strongly attached, I see written in very large letters, "Books Suitable for Christmas Presents." As I glance down the catalogue appended, the first title which captures my eye is our old friend "Sexual Ethics, by Professor A. Forel; with an Introduction by Doctor Saleeby," about which I made some well-meaning but emphatic criticism in this column some weeks ago. As I think I made sufficiently clear, I consider Professor A. Forel's book an unreasonable book, and in parts an absurd book. But I really do not think it so frightfully funny that it is specially suitable to be read aloud amid roars of happy Christmas laughter by the family when gathered round the Yule log. It would not have occurred to me, even if I had admired the Forel philosophy, to describe a book called "Sexual Ethics" as falling under the special head of "Books Suitable for Christmas Presents." Nor does another book, admirable for all I know, but bearing the title of "Our Criminal Fellow-Citizens," strike me as being a sympathetic substitute for crackers or mince-pies. I can even imagine that the suitable Christmas book which is here mentioned under the title of "The Scientific Basis of Socialism," might pall upon a children's party before the end of Christmas Eve, and might even be deserted in favour of honey-pots or charades. I am not making an unfair selection from this list of breezy and convivial books; they are all like that in one way or another. There is a book on Tolstoy; but surely nobody could possibly want to hear about Tolstoy on Christmas Day; I would as soon hear about Mrs. Eddy. There is a book by Mr. Belfort Bax; but I am sure that that able and distinguished gentleman would be highly disgusted if anyone ventured to tell him that he was suitable for Christmas. There is a book on Mr. Bernard Shaw. There is a book by Mr. Bernard Shaw. But Mr. Shaw does not like Father Christmas at all; and I am sure that, with all Mr. Shaw's admirable qualities, Father Christmas does not like him.

I confess that I took these chance headings with the mere feeling that Christmas did not fit in very well with these books; but when I come to think of the matter seriously, I think it can be safely said that what is wrong with all those books is that they do not fit in with Christmas. There is nothing really wrong with those books except that they do not fit in with Christmas. There is nothing really wrong with the

whole modern world except that it does not fit in with Christmas. The modern world will have to fit in with Christmas or die. Those who will not rejoice in the end of the year must be condemned to lament it. We must accept the New Year as a new fact; we must be born again. No kind of culture or literary experience can save him who entirely refuses this cold bath of winter ecstasy. No poetry can be appreciated by him who cannot appreciate the mottoes in the crackers. No log-rolling can rescue him who will not roll the Yule log. Christmas is like death and child-birth—a test of our simple virtue; and there is no other such test left in this land to-day.

ethics is quite simply this: that they are not tall enough to reach up to the mistletoe. The two first facts which a healthy boy or girl feels about sex are these: first that it is beautiful and then that it is dangerous. While all the philosophical Forels go floundering about in a world of words, saying that this is wrong if it disturbs your digestion, or that that is right if it does not disturb your great-grandchild, all plain, pleasure-loving people have an absolutely clean instinct in the matter. Mankind declares this with one deafening voice: that sex may be ecstatic so long as it is also restricted. It is not necessary even that the restriction should be reasonable; it is necessary that it should restrict. That is the beginning of all purity; and purity is the beginning of all passion. In other words, the creation of conditions for love, or even for flirting, is the first common-sense of Society. In other words, there is more serious philosophy in the sprig of mistletoe than in the whole of "Sexual Ethics."

Take again the next topic I mentioned, the jolly Christmas book called "Our Criminal Fellow-Citizens." What is it that really makes almost any upstanding human being, with his heart in the right place and supplying blood to his brain—what is that makes such a man instinctively despise and deride the whole science of criminology? On consideration, I incline to think that it is not merely the obvious stupidity of criminologists. It is not only because they say that Robespierre was hard and fierce because he had a retreating skull, while Charles Peace was hard and fierce because he had a projecting one. It is something ultimately crazy in the whole criminologist position; and it cannot be better expressed than by saying that one cannot feel like that at Christmas. All Christmas feasts, all Christmas freaks, are founded on human equality: at least, upon what is now called equality of opportunity. Nobody is inordinately proud of having got a golden-haired doll out of a branie, for everyone feels that it might have gone to another. No one is despaired for failing to snatch the best raisins at snap-dragon, because all the children are fundamentally frightened of the blue fire. And that is a much truer picture of our general condition towards crime and innocence than anything that I can hope to read in the book called "Our Criminal Fellow-Citizens." At this moment men (like myself) who know perfectly well that they might under temptation commit murder or forgery, are talking polysyllabic nonsense about the odd shape which a man's head must be before he thinks of murder, and the strange spatulate fingers a man must have before he can manage to forge. But one feels this rubbish less at Christmas, because it is full of charity.

I could extend the same test to all the other cases I have mentioned if I had space to do it. What is wrong with the "Scientific Basis of Socialism" is simply that it is a scientific basis. The real basis of life is not scientific; the strongest basis of life is sentimental. People are not economically obliged to live. Anybody can die for nothing. People romantically desire to live—especially at Christmas. And, when all is said and done, the great case against those great men, Shaw and Tolstoy, is that when men desire most to live they desire least to read them.

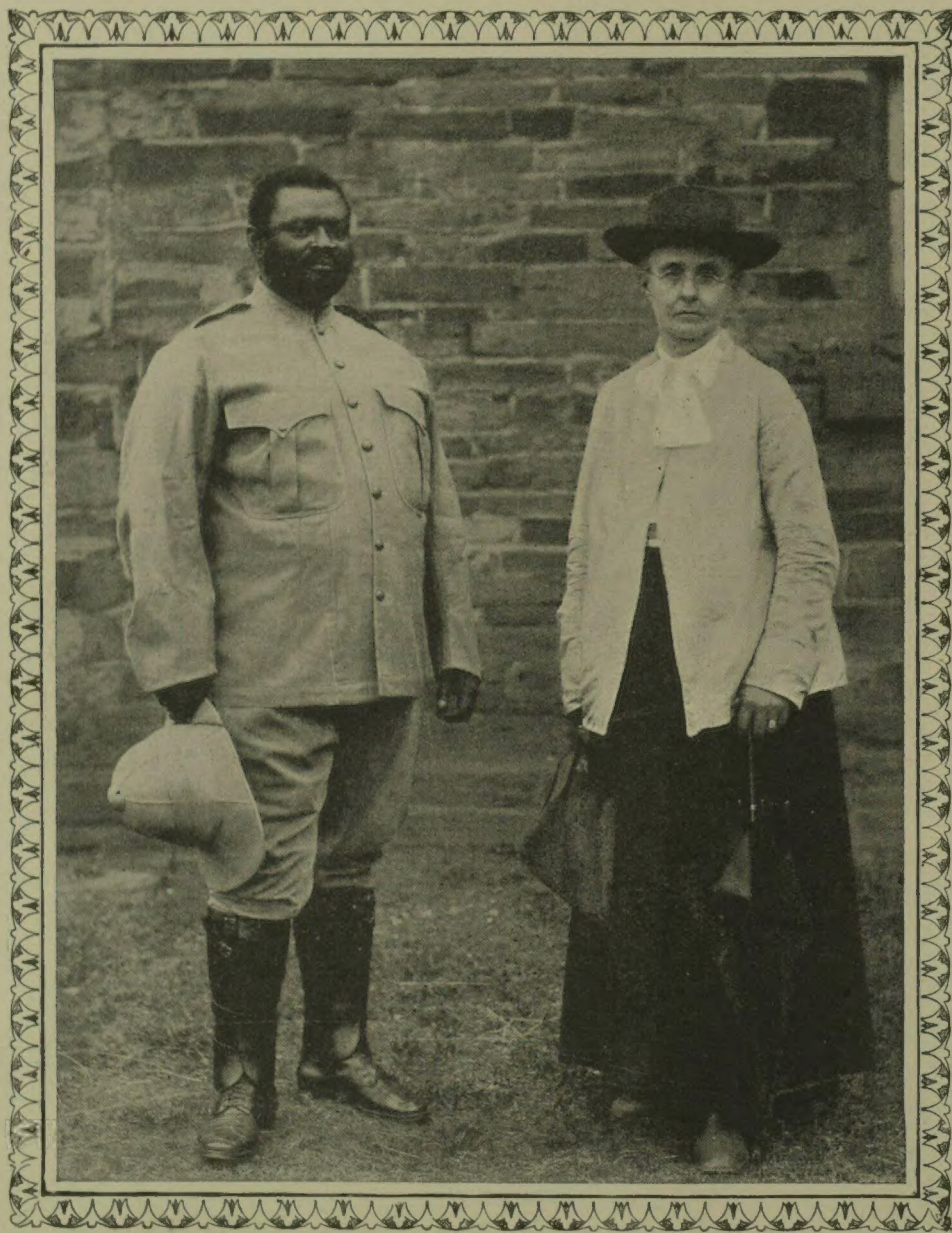


Photo. Topical.

## THE "CHILD" AND HIS CHAMPION: DINUZULU AND MISS COLENSO.

Miss Colenso, who is a daughter of the Bishop of Natal and arithmetic fame, resembles her father in her strong sympathies with the South African native. She has enthusiastically taken up the cause of the Zulu chief, Dinuzulu, now on his trial for high treason at Greytown. Dinuzulu is a son of Cetewayo, and in the picturesque Zulu phrase the people say, with reference to his trial, that "the white men are killing the child"—that is, the child of the king. Each day, when the Court meets and adjourns, the native spectators utter the royal salute, "Bayeté!" ostensibly to the judges, but really, it is said, in honour of Dinuzulu.

But, for the sake of such frivolous criticism as seems appropriate to the occasion, let me simply take as examples those advertisements in order. Let us consider, for the benefit of those who like such books as I have named, why Christmas seems to have nothing to do with them. And let us consider, for the benefit of those who like Christmas, why Christmas seems to be ludicrously soiled by the mere mention of such books. The reason is really very simple: it is that on every one of these points the philosophy of the books is inferior to the philosophy of Christmas.

Take, for instance, our friend Forel and his "Sexual Ethics." Now, what is wrong with Forel's sexual



# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.

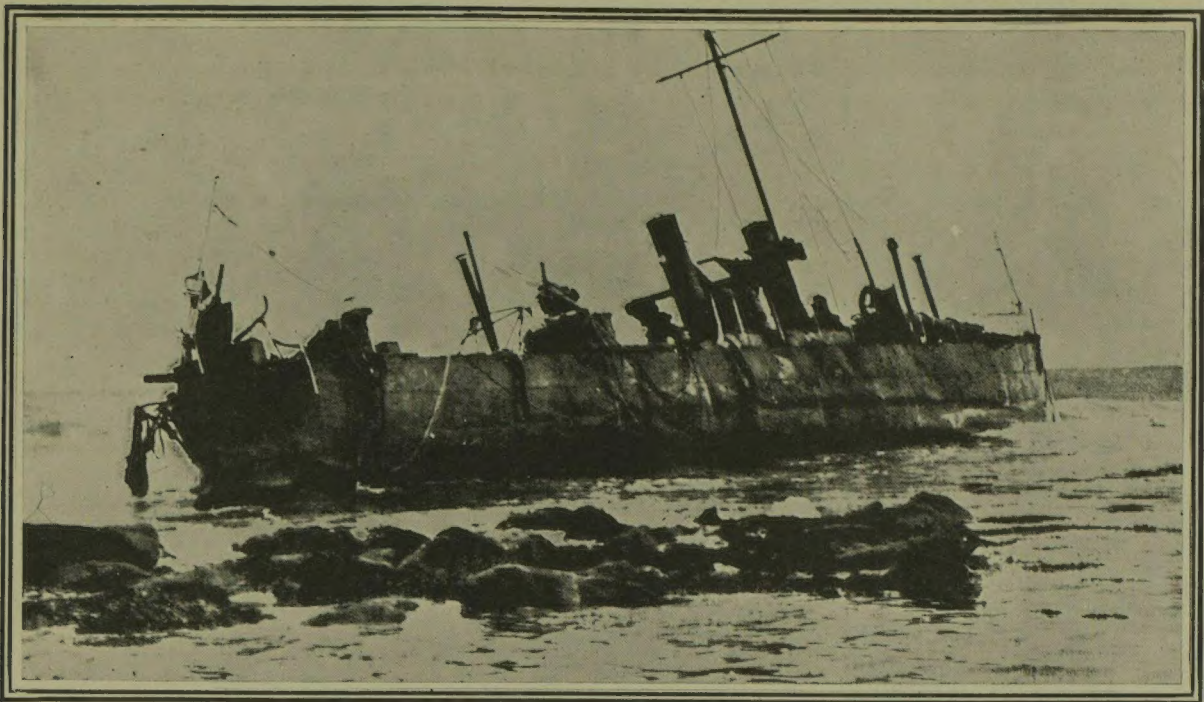


Photo. Silk.

## THE PENALTY OF MANŒUVRING WITH LIGHTS OUT: TORPEDO-BOAT "No. O 59" ON THE ROCKS OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The vessel was wrecked while taking part in night manœuvres off the Isle of Wight. None of the craft engaged carried lights, the night was very dark, and, to make matters worse, there was a heavy sea. The Bembridge life-boat went to the rescue, and eventually took the crew to torpedo-boat "No. 116." "No. O 59" was built at Chiswick in 1886.

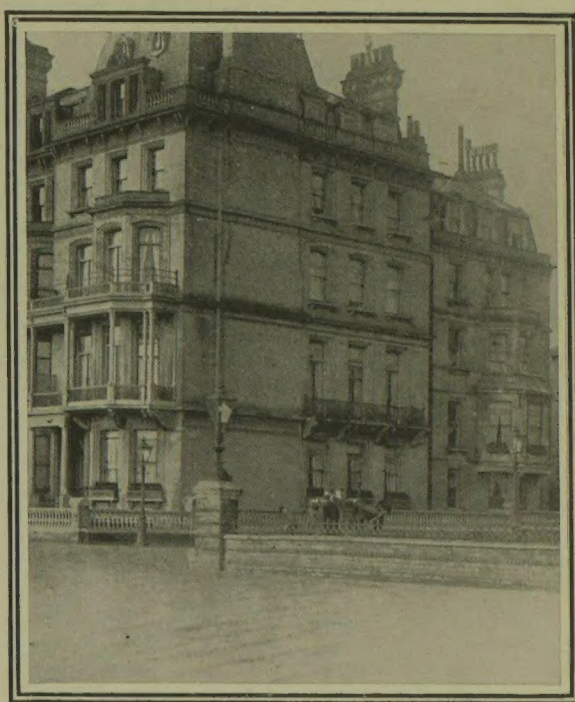


Photo. Dugan.

## THE SCENE OF THE KING'S REST-CURE AT BRIGHTON: No. 8, KING'S GARDENS, HOVE.

During his visit to Brighton, the King stayed at Mr. Arthur Sassoon's house at Hove. His Majesty arranged to spend Christmas at Sandringham.

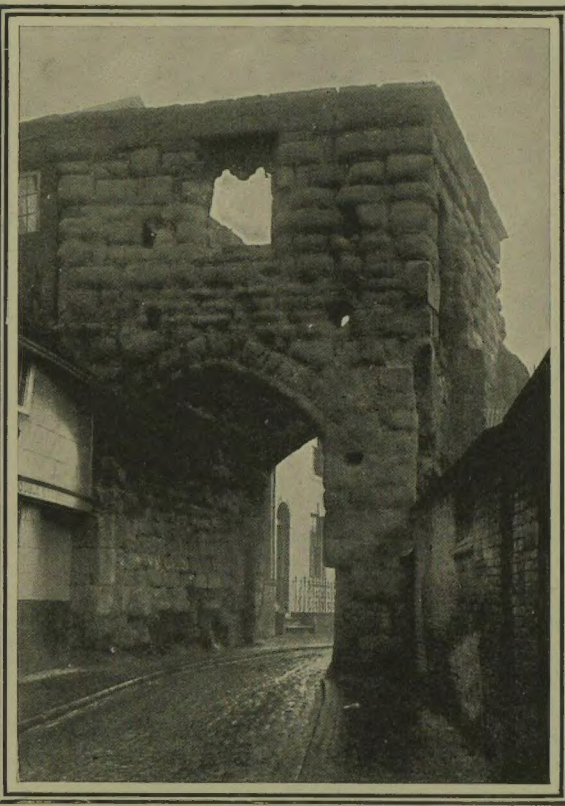


Photo. Hamilton.

## DESTROYING THE CITY THROUGH WHICH GODIVA RODE: THE COOK STREET GATE, COVENTRY.

The old city gates in Cook Street and Hales Street are all that remain of the once extensive fortifications that surrounded Coventry. The City Council are now considering an offer made by the private owner of these gates to sell them.



Photo. Cribb.

## MAKING THE "VICTORY" AS SHE WAS AT TRAFALGAR: PLACING REPLICAS OF THE OLD LANTERNS ON THE STERN OF THE VESSEL.

The naval authorities are restoring the "Victory" to the state in which she was at the time of the Battle of Trafalgar. Work began recently.

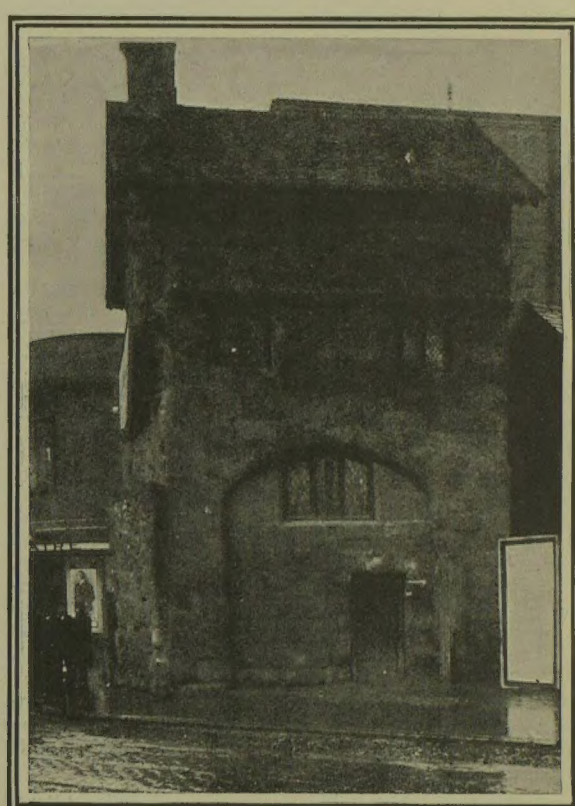
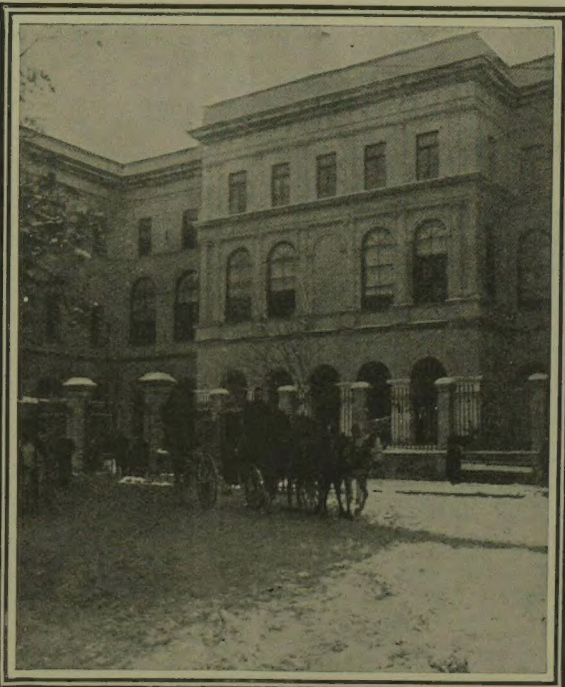


Photo. Hamilton.

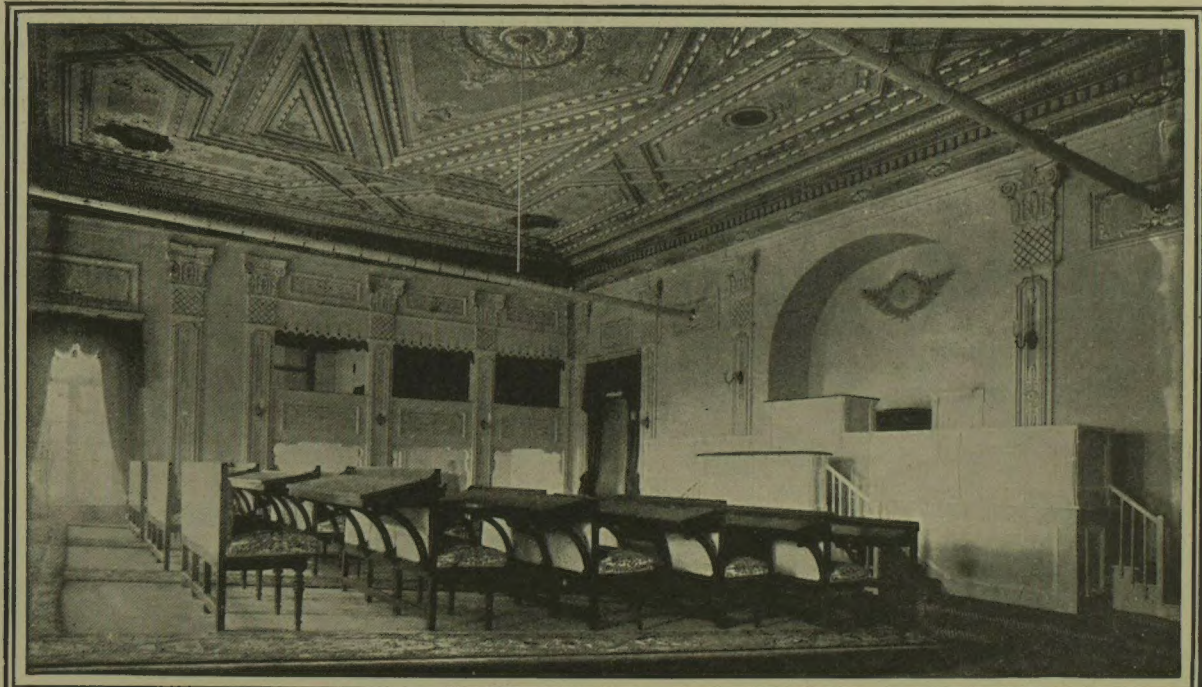
## DESTROYING THE CITY THROUGH WHICH GODIVA RODE: THE HALES STREET GATE, COVENTRY.

The fortifications of Coventry were begun in 1355, took forty years to build, and consisted of a wall three miles in circumference, with thirty-two towers and gates. The fortifications were kept in good repair until 1662.



## TURKEY'S HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

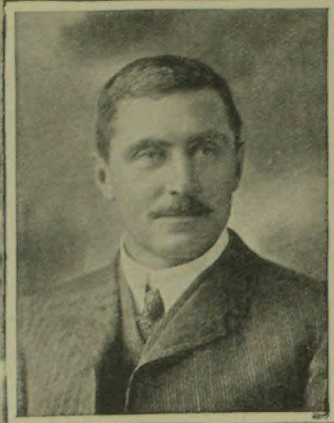
The Imperial Ottoman Parliament assembled on December 17, and Constantinople had a strange sight when it saw the Sultan drive in state to open Parliament. The occasion was marked by telegrams of congratulation from various countries, and both the King and his Government sent cordial expressions of good wishes. The Chamber of Deputies is on the first floor of the building, and the Chamber of the Senate on the second floor.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.]



## TURKEY'S HOUSE OF LORDS: THE CHAMBER OF THE OTTOMAN SENATE.



## PORTRAITS &amp; WORLD'S NEWS

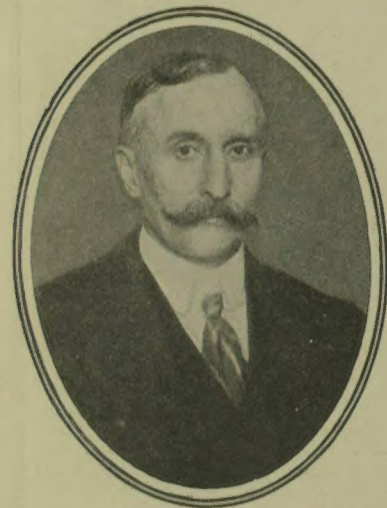


Photo, W. S. Stuart.

THE LATE MR. R. E. CODRINGTON,  
Administrator of North-Western Rhodesia.

THE Empire has lost one of the most promising Pro-consuls by the early death of Mr. Robert Edward Codrington, Administrator of North-Western Rhodesia for the British South Africa Company. Mr. Codrington, who was not quite forty, came home on leave seriously ill last month, and died in London a few days ago. His great qualities of courage and resource made him just the man to direct the fortunes of the new colony, where he was also very popular. He was educated at Marlborough, joined the Bechuanaland Border Police in 1890, and fought in the Matabele War of 1893. He became Deputy Administrator of North-Eastern Rhodesia in 1898, Administrator in 1900, and was transferred to North-Western Rhodesia last May.

Tom Longboat, the Canadian-Indian runner, who, by beating Dorando, has proved that it is better to train without fire-water than on Italian wine, was running, it appears, for more than fame or lucre. Love also spurred his heels, for on the result of the race depended his fate in regard to a certain black-haired Indian damsel, named Loretta Maracle. If he won the race he won the bride too, and, vice-versa, if he was beaten he lost her. They had been engaged for four years, but Loretta's father had previously opposed the match. However, now all ends happily, and we feel sure that chivalry will make Dorando glad he did not win, and thereby spoil this pretty romance.



Photo, Bolab.

MR. JOHN FORSTER,  
First Chinese Consul-General in London.

known firm of contracting engineers, Messrs. Forster and Sons, of St. Helen's. The offices of the Consulate will be at 88, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

The appointment of the Bishop of Pretoria to the Archbishopric of Cape Town has met with general approval in South Africa. The Right Rev. William Marlborough Carter, D.D., is a member of a well-known Eton family. Born in 1850, he graduated at Oxford in 1873, and after serving two curacies, was head of the Eton Mission at Hackney for eleven years from 1880. He went to South Africa in 1891, and, after being Bishop of Zululand for eleven years, he became Bishop of Pretoria in 1902. He has thus had very wide experience both in England and South Africa.

Viscount Glerawly, who has just succeeded to the Annesley peerage as the sixth Earl, is a young man of twenty-four. The title he has hitherto held is unique as being neither a family nor a place name, but owing its existence to a clerical error. The first Viscount Glerawly was the son of Francis Annesley, a Member of Parliament under William III. and a trustee for the sale of Irish estates. The title he intended to take was that of Glenawley, in the west of Fermanagh, but the scribe who wrote out the patent of nobility spelt it "Glerawly" (a perversion rather suggestive of Irish whisky), and "Glerawly" it has had to remain, patents of nobility



being, apparently, as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The second Viscount Glerawly was created Earl Annesley in 1789. The new Earl's father, who has just died in his seventy-eighth year, was a model Irish landlord. He had been a Representative Peer for Ireland for thirty-one years, having previously, as the Hon. Hugh Annesley, represented Cavan in the House of Commons. As a young man he was in the Army, and was severely wounded at the battle of Berea, in the Kaffir War in 1853, and again at the battle of the Alma in the Crimean War. But the main interest of his later life was the improvement of his estate, and in his happy



Photo, Lafayette.

THE SIXTH EARL ANNESLEY,  
Who has just succeeded his father.

of those who have prophesied that the new University would be "a godless institution." Dr. Walsh, however, is much more than a theologian, and has taken a vigorous part in public affairs. Besides his religious books, he has written on Irish University education, the Land Acts, Bimetallism, Gregorian music, and various other subjects. He is sixty-seven, and was for five years President of Maynooth College before he was appointed to the Archbishopric in 1885.

The new High Commissioner for New Zealand, the Hon. William Hall-Jones, has had a very highly distinguished political career in that colony. He has been a member of the Ministry there since February 1896, and has held the offices of Prime Minister, Colonial Treasurer, Minister for Public Works (for twelve years), and Minister of Marine (for ten and a half years). He has also had charge of the departments of Education, Labour, and Justice; and latterly, as Minister for Railways, he has brought a great enterprise to a successful issue. It is universally felt in New Zealand that the right man has been chosen for the right place.

## Indian Reform.

Lord Morley's memorable speech in the House of Lords on Indian affairs, and the policy which it expounded, may be described as a remarkable instance of culture controlling anarchy. Lord Morley speaks with a weight of historical knowledge and political wisdom which few of our statesmen can equal, and if he had only a more commanding voice and presence he would doubtless rank with Burke and Bright among political orators. But what impressiveness may have been lost in the delivery is gained in the reading of his speech. Oratory alone is not statesmanship, and all parties are agreed that the Secretary for India has dealt with a momentous situation in a statesmanlike way. It was reassuring to find that he emphatically approved the recent anti-Anarchist legislation at Calcutta, and that he was in complete accord with the Viceroy on all essential questions. Of the reforms in the government of India which Lord Morley announced, the most important are the increase of membership in the Legislative Councils of Calcutta and the various provinces, and the partial substitution of election for nomination of members. Another very important innovation is the proposed inclusion (when a vacancy occurs) of one native member in the Viceroy's Executive Council, which is to be carefully distinguished from the Legislative Council.



Photo, Topica.

TOM LONGBOAT,  
Winner of the last Marathon Race.

Photo, Bassano.

THE MILTONIC DELILAH: MISS EVELYN WEEDEN  
IN "SAMSON AGONISTES."

One of the most interesting features of the Milton Tercentenary celebrations was the production of "Samson Agonistes" at Burlington House. Miss Weeden's costume as Delilah, doubtless very different from that of the Biblical character, represents the fashion of Milton's time.

relations with his tenants he set a fine example to Irish landowners. His especial hobby was arboriculture. The woods of Castlewellan are a place of pilgrimage to foresters and botanists, and the Earl's book, "Beau-



Photo, Russell.

THE RIGHT REV. W. M. CARTER, D.D.,  
New Archbishop of Cape Town.

Photo, Lafayette.

THE MOST REV. WM. WALSH, D.D.,  
First Chancellor of the National University of Ireland.THE HON. WILLIAM HALL-JONES,  
Appointed High Commissioner for New Zealand.

tiful and Rare Trees and Plants," published in 1903, is among the standard works on that fascinating subject.

The new National University of Ireland, which has this year taken the place of the abolished Royal University, has made a diplomatic choice of its first

It began in January, and after various intervals and vicissitudes it has closed in Christmas week. During its course there has been a change of Prime Ministership, a change necessitated by death, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been succeeded by Mr. Asquith, who

Parliament. The long and arduous session of Parliament has at last come to an end. During its course there has been a change of Prime Ministership, a change necessitated by death, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been succeeded by Mr. Asquith, who

[Continued overleaf.]



# EX-PREMIER AND CHAMPION v. EX-COLONIAL SECRETARY AND EX-CHAMPION.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT KNEBWORTH.

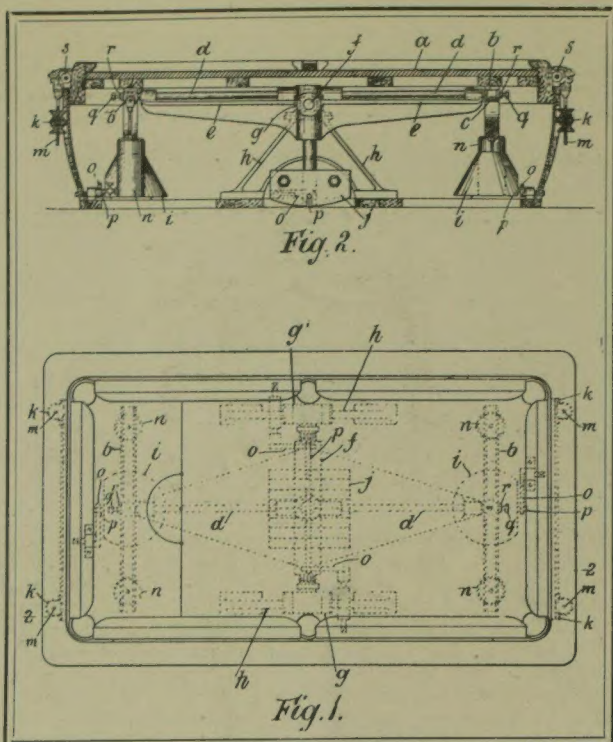


FAMOUS POLITICIANS AND PROFESSIONALS IN A FOURSOME: MR. BALFOUR DRIVING FROM THE SIXTH TEE.

The foursome between Mr. Arthur Balfour and James Braid, holder of the Open Golf Championship, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Harry Vardon, an ex-holder of the championship, aroused much interest at Knebworth. Mr. Lyttelton and his partner beat Mr. Balfour and his partner by five up and four to play, after being three up at the turn.



has secured the confidence of his Party. The leadership of the House of Lords also has been changed, the Marquess of Ripon, on account of age, giving way to the Earl of Crewe, who is distinguished by polished irony. From the legislative point of view the session will be memorable for the passing of Old-Age Pensions and the rejection of the Licensing Bill. All parties share the credit of the Irish University Bill, which Mr. Birrell carried, with the assistance of Mr. Balfour, and also of the Children Bill, a useful social reform which owes much to the skill and tact of Mr. Herbert Samuel. The Port of London Bill, which was initiated by Mr. Lloyd George, has been carried, under the guidance of Mr. Churchill. A great deal of work was thrown upon the Lords this month, and especially in the final week, but they held late sittings, and devoted themselves to the revision of Bills with assiduity. Even the Coal Mines (Eight Hours) Bill, although resisted at the Second Reading by a considerable section of Peers, was discussed at the Committee stage in a spirit of compromise, there being a general desire to avoid conflict on the subject with the Commons. Only one important amendment was insisted upon, and to this the Home Secretary reluctantly agreed. The Opposition threw upon the Government the responsibility for the Bill, and this, as its authors, they undertook. Thus the session closes with a legislative record of which the Liberals boast. No Parliamentary feature of the year has been more conspicuous than the close attendance of Mr. Balfour and the acuteness of his criticism. He has missed no opportunities. His presence gives to the House of Commons something of the interest which it invariably took in Mr. Gladstone.



OCEAN BILLIARDS: PLANS OF THE BILLIARD-TABLE.

(See our Front Page Illustration.)

Figure 1 is a plan view, and figure 2 is a longitudinal sectional elevation taken along the line to 2-2 of figure 1. We have not the space to refer here in detail to all the points illustrated, but an article describing the invention appears on this page.

page) we may quote the following more detailed account from the *Yachting and Boating Monthly*: "Roughly, the device may be explained as a solid outside frame fixed to the deck, and with a top ledge which will not

fore and aft, and alternately in the transverse direction of the ship, and this pivot is itself mounted on a second pivot with the axis transverse to the former one. This second pivot is carried in bearings which are secured to the deck. The balancing mechanism is too complicated for description here, but by means of weights and dashpots an easy, reliable motion is obtained. The shafts are all carried on ball-bearings, thus preventing friction, and the outside fixed casing is supplied with rollers, on which the inner or movable table works." With reference to the diagrams on this page, we may say that, "Referring to these figures, *a* is the bed of the table, which is secured to transverse girders, *b b*, situated near the ends of the table. Each girder carries, at the centre of its length, the hollow element *c* of a pivot whose axis is longitudinal to the table, the solid element of the pivot consisting of the shaft *d*. This latter is secured to a cross-piece *e*, to which is also secured a shaft *f*, which constitutes the solid element of the transverse pivot, the hollow element *g* of this pivot being carried in brackets *h h*, which are bolted to the deck of the billiard-saloon of the ship. The horizontal position of the bed of the table is maintained by depending counterbalance weights, of which there are three—namely, *i* at each end, secured to the transverse girder *b*, for counteracting the effect of the list of the ship, and a central counterbalance *j*, for counteracting the effect of a change of trim. The two shafts *a* and *f* are each carried on ball-bearings for the purpose of eliminating friction as much as possible."



Photo. Dietrich.

#### A DIRECTORY IN AN AUTOMATIC-MACHINE: PUTTING THE MONEY INTO THE SLOT.

Those who know how awkward it is to be in a strange town, to forget an address, and to find a directory that will give that address without braving Mrs. Grundy or Mrs. Carry Nation by entering a public house, will welcome this new machine, one of the most ingenious of those coin-in-the-slot machines that seem to be growing in number and popularity every year. A suitable coin placed in the slot of this invention causes a local directory to be revealed. Although but newly designed, the machine promises to be of considerable public service.



**Billiards at Sea.** Hitherto, a billiard-table on board a ship might have been classed with the punishments made to fit the crime by Gilbert's Mikado, along with the "cloth untrue, and a twisted cue, and elliptical billiard-balls." But an invention has now been patented by Messrs. Terrey and Warren, of 114, Lambeth Road, S.E., which will enable ship-owners to add billiards to the amusements of an ocean voyage. The idea has long been exercising the wit of inventors, and the famous *Great Eastern* boasted a billiard-table on a swinging deck. But that plan was not a success. In the present case, the deck, and the framework of the table, are both stationary, and it is only the actual surface of the table which, by an ingenious mechanical device, moves with the motion of the sea and maintains a perfect level. Except, perhaps, in actual storms, billiards will now be possible at sea, and it is evidence of the genuineness of the invention that the first large shipping company to test it has placed an order with the makers. In order to explain our Illustration (on the front

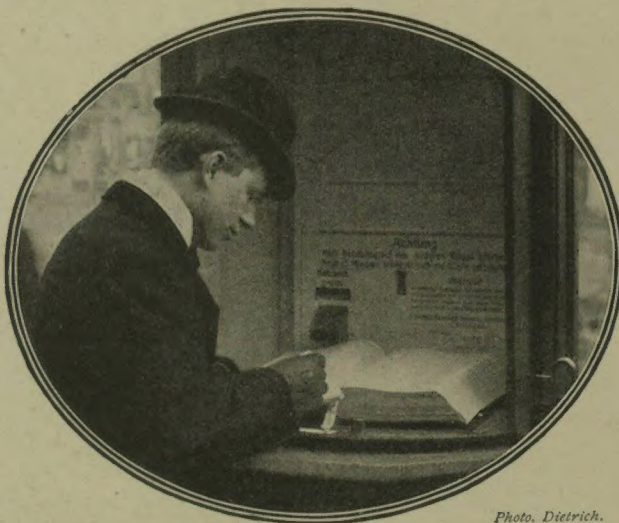


Photo. Dietrich.

#### A DIRECTORY IN AN AUTOMATIC MACHINE: LOOKING FOR A NAME AND ADDRESS.

The coin having been put into the slot, the directory is revealed, and may be consulted for about fifteen minutes.

deviate from its fixed position. Within this is the table proper, and it is so devised that it will move in any direction, not easily or quickly by the touch of the hand resting on the cushion, but only in accordance with the motion of the boat on which it is fitted. With this it moves slowly and evenly, as if floating in an enclosed tank. It is mounted on a central horizontal axis in the

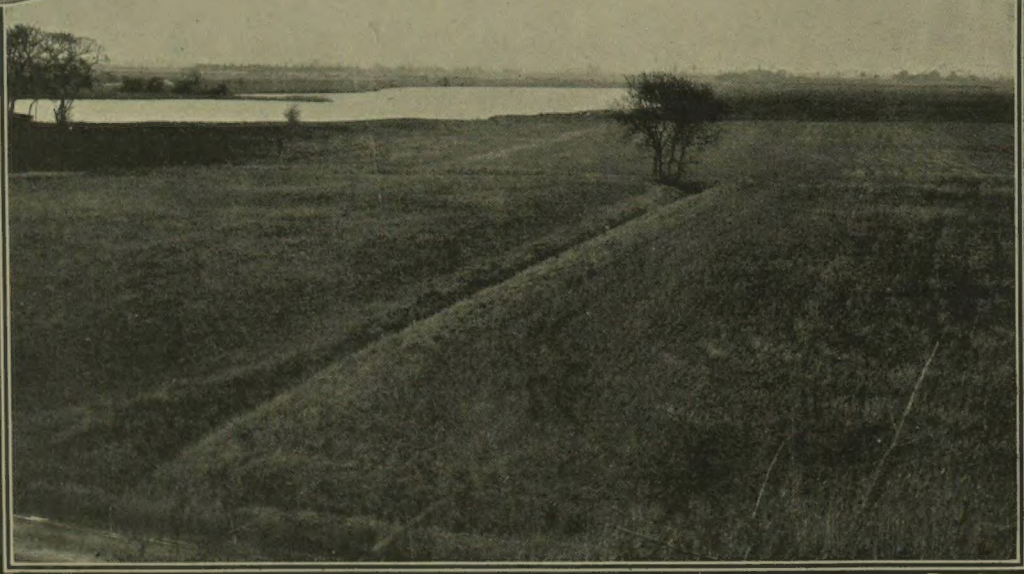


Photo. Topical.

#### GREAT BRITAIN'S FIRST TESTING-GROUND FOR FLYING-MACHINES: THE HALF-MILE-SQUARE PLOT, NEAR DAGENHAM, PURCHASED BY THE AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY.

The Aeronautical Society of Great Britain has just completed the purchase of the ground, which is situated near Dagenham Station, on the London and Tilbury line. The society will erect sheds large enough to hold full-sized flying-machines, and a special room in which the parts of flying-machines may be tested. The ground will be opened to members of the society and their friends almost immediately. We illustrate also the Society's gold medal (obverse and reverse) the first of which has been presented to the Brothers Wright.

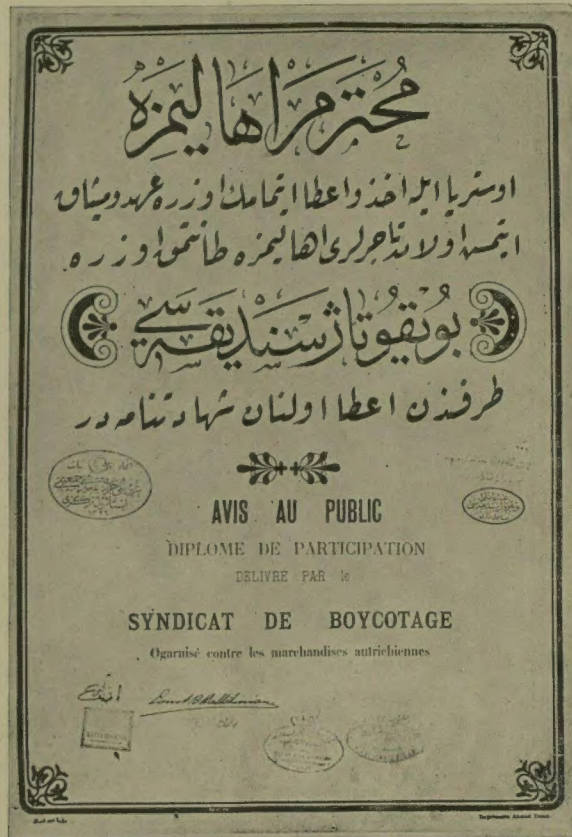


Photo. Bulak.

A DIPLOMA OUT OF WHICH WAR MAY COME: THE CERTIFICATE ISSUED TO TURKS WHO BOYCOTT AUSTRIA. If there is war between Turkey and Austria, as it seems possible there may be in the spring, the Turkish boycott of Austrian goods will have done much towards causing the hostilities. Therefore,

exceptional interest attaches to the diploma here illustrated, a copy of which is given to those who take part in the boycott. The inscription, translated, reads: "Notice to the public. Diploma of participation issued by the syndicate of boycotters organised against the Austrian merchants."



**Holland and Venezuela.** While rumours of war continue to fluctuate in Eastern Europe, and the gallery is waiting for the doors to open, two other States are providing a little impromptu entertainment outside, *pour passer le temps*. Holland and Venezuela are getting up "a sort of war," which for the moment has diverted attention from the Balkan crisis.

Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, is in a state of ferment, and some say that the régime of President Castro is coming to an end. He, meantime (like the Marquess of Carabas in the story of "Puss in Boots"), is enjoying himself in a foreign capital. He describes the disturbances in his own as a mere "schoolboy riot," and says the reports of them are exaggerated by a Dutch "campaign of calumny." His doctor in Berlin has pronounced him free from organic disease, but suffering from the injurious effects of luxurious living. It remains to be seen how the political doctors in Germany will diagnose the case of Venezuela. President Castro now suggests arbitration between France and Venezuela, on questions at issue between them.



## THE FIREBRAND OF THE NEAR EAST.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOVANOVITCH.



PRINCE GEORGE, THE SPEECH-MAKER, HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF SERVIA.

The Crown Prince of Serbia has done all that in him lies to render the crisis in the Near East as dangerous to the peace of the world as possible. He has made fiery speeches almost by the score, and, according to report, he has announced that, if necessary, he will even take arms against his father, the King. Prince George is the second child of King Peter, and was born on August 27 (old style), 1887. His brother, Prince Alexander, was born in December of the following year; and his sister, Princess Helene, in October 1884.



# Christmas Dinner without the Poulterer's Aid:

## THE HAUNTS OF THE WILD TURKEY.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON FOLLOWING PAGES).

WHEN the creatures of the wild were named, the wild turkey should have been christened Wise Turkey. The big bird is by nature sociable, and if, at times, he seems distrustful of human things, it is because he is quick to recognise a hostile purpose.

The Indian hunter compared his perception with that of the wary deer to the advantage of the bird.

"Deer look up, see Injun, say: 'Maybe Injun, maybe stump.' Turkey look up, see Injun, say: 'Maybe Injun,' then run away quick."

When, in the wilderness, I fired a gun which I had loaded for turkey, every chick of the family within a mile took to the tall timber. When, in that same wilderness, three years of observation had shown them that the gun was fixed for crows, the wild turkeys paid no attention to its discharge, even when it was fired within twenty feet of a brood of them, or when a dying crow fell beside them.

In many States where these birds once flourished, they may now be classed with the dodo. The one place, within my observation, where their number has decreased but little, in the last two decades, is the country of the Big Cypress Swamp in Florida. Here their environment protects them. In the dry season the turkeys scatter over the open prairies, where they are not easily approached. When these are covered with water that rises to the hunter's knees, above fathomless mud in which he might disappear entirely, they gather in the thick woods of the hummocks. On one of these almost unapproachable oases is a recently established grape-fruit plantation. The owner of these three hundred acres has forbidden the killing of turkeys on his grounds. The Indians, who often visit his place, scrupulously respect the prohibition; white hunters don't poach on the domain, because of its inaccessibility and the certainty of detection; while the negroes, who work in that isolated field, prefer not to incur the twenty-five dollar penalty, the sure enforcement of which means involuntary servitude for an indefinite period.

The plantation is a sanctuary for negroes, to whom its seclusion is advantageous, while its white employes are either lonesome-proof or constitutional wanderers. One day, as I rested on a log, watching a flock of turkeys which was strolling fearlessly about a lot of labourers, the boss of the gang, a wizened old man with an unfamiliar face, sat down beside me. We talked of the plantation, its history, and its prospects, its work and its workmen, and then as a bunch of turkeys came near us I remarked:

"It would be wicked to kill wild birds that are as friendly as those."

"Most as bad as shootin' turkeys from their roosts at Skeleton Creek?" he asked. I nearly fell off the log. A full generation had passed since I had hunted and camped with this man on the Indian-infested buffalo-covered prairies of the Indian Territory. He had reminded me of a day when I had vainly tried to stalk some wild turkeys on the prairie, and of a night when he had led me under the trees where the turkeys roosted and I had shot a few out of a tree that was filled with them.

On the plantation, groups of young gobblers and hen turkeys with their broods walk freely and fearlessly among the workmen, and they have often come within reach of my hand as, in the shade of a water-oak, I sat idly on a stump. Yet they kept wary eyes upon the suspicious character who neither slung an axe nor grubbed with a mattock, and were more distrustful of a slight motion of my hand than of a shovelful of soil thrown beside them by a labourer. They responded promptly to the call of a tree felled by the workmen, to seek the insect life to be found in its upper branches. Though, at first, the turkeys turned inquiring eyes upon the camera when the shutter clicked, it soon ceased to interest them, but when they observed that the unobtrusive steps of the camera-man happened always to follow their own, they became suspicious and he had to suspend his pursuit for the day. Sometimes, when the turkeys seemed especially sociable, I sought to secure their confidence by scattering handfuls of grain among them, but they feared the gift-bearing Greek, and I only succeeded in implanting distrust by actions which their inherited experience had taught them were of evil portent. Although the camera-man spent much time trying to photograph turkeys on the wing, he could not run fast enough to make them fly. They

always managed to keep ahead of him until they could plunge into the dank recesses of a cypress swamp, which ended the chase.

Work on the plantation began only a few years ago, and even now it is only partially cleared, yet generations of wild turkeys have known it as a sanctuary, and within its boundaries exhibit changed natures. I hobnobbed one morning with a hen turkey and her brood, and later saw them wander out on the prairie away from the plantation. On the following day I saw them again several miles from their hummock sanctuary, and was able to identify them with reasonable certainty. But their natures had reverted to type, and they were typical wild turkeys, not to be approached within gunshot. When conditions of food and dryness on the prairie invited the turkeys, they left the plantation, group by group and brood by brood, until it was almost barren of turkey life; but the first storm that flooded the prairies drove them home again, singly and in flocks. On

turkeys that are killed here are shot by alligator-hunters for food. The avocation of these men carries them into the very home of the reptiles, and accustoms them to ignore a danger which they yet never belittle. Sometimes a hunter drags a torch of palmetto fans across the wind through the grass of a prairie until it is swept by a wall of roaring flame, half a mile in width. Turkeys are unharmed, deer are even attracted by the ashes, but snakes perish by the thousand in the flames. A guide of my own was bitten by a rattlesnake while we were hunting for turkeys in the Big Cypress, and although my companion, who was beside him, at once sucked the venom from the wound, the victim came near passing over the divide, and it was weeks before he recovered.

The born hunter, who walks without stepping on anything, passes through thickets without touching a bush, and notes every leaf that stirs within a hundred yards, can usually pick up a turkey for supper within an hour's walk in the woods or on the prairie. It

takes the sportsman longer. In former years I hunted them, and have spent days vainly approaching birds that played hide-and-seek with me, but always kept just out of range. When I sought them by moonlight in their roosts I got them, but when I played fair they outwitted me. On the few occasions when I have successfully stalked a wild turkey there has usually been reason to suspect that the bird I bagged was not the bird I was pursuing.

The best way for the ordinary sportsman to get wild turkeys is to let them hunt him. Of course the place in which he hides must be chosen with judgment. The edge of a prairie, a clump of trees, and just before sunset, make a good combination. I have often had good luck while sitting quietly in a skiff as it drifted down some little stream in a turkey region. Chance counts for a lot. I once cruised with a certain well-known naturalist, whose constantly recurring, unearned good luck was of sinister significance. When he went fishing, because he was too lazy to hunt deer with me, I tramped all day and got nothing, while he brought back a buck which swam out to his skiff and was caught with a landing-net. On another occasion, when we were out in a swamp hunting for turkeys, he got tired and stopped to rest and write under a wide-spreading live oak for the rest of the day, while I continued to hunt. When I got back, with a tale of several turkeys seen but none bagged, my friend was still writing, and a fat gobbler hung to a branch of the tree beside him. It was, doubtless, one of the turkeys I had frightened, which lit in the tree just over my friend, and waited for him to lay aside his work, wipe his pen, and pick up his gun. The naturalist then resumed his writing, and was in his usual philosophical frame of mind when I returned, covered with mud and full of cactus-thorns.

When one has become an expert with the leg-bone of a turkey, he can increase his chances of receiving a call from the creatures. Personally I

have seldom used the call. It always tickled my lips, and made me so nervous that I couldn't have hit a cow. Besides, it always scared the turkeys.

There is a serious side to this subject, quite worthy of consideration. It would be a misfortune for this grand creature, perhaps the bird most closely associated with the progress of our race on this continent, to become extinct. Yet this has already happened in most of the States of the Union. If we are to continue to treat the turkey simply as a game bird, to be protected only that it may be killed for sport, the finish of both turkey and fun is in sight. Destruction of forests, facility of transportation, and modern weapons combine to hasten the deplorable end.

Year by year, more of our people hunt with cameras and fewer with guns. Turkeys shot with a camera remain to fill the forest with interest, enliven the landscape, and perpetuate subjects of study and enjoyment for generations to come. There is yet time to save this beautiful bird to the people of this country. The plantation in the Big Cypress shows how quickly the wild turkey responds to friendly treatment, and suggests the possibility of restocking our too silent forests with this and other wild creatures which we have nearly exterminated.—A. W. DIMOCK.



BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS DINNER: THE WILD-TURKEY HUNTERS' BAG.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. A. DIMOCK.

the prairies they were wary as the wildest of their species. In the plantation they became tame as barnyard fowl. Sometimes a hen of the hummock hatched a brood elsewhere and brought her half-grown chicks to the old home, where it took her long days to educate them out of their wildness. Occasionally strange wild turkeys followed a homecoming flock and made their first visit to the plantation when fully grown. Day by day their distrust grew less, and in a few weeks the immigrants could not be distinguished from the native-born.

The tourist-sportsman seldom penetrates the haunts of the wild turkey in the Big Cypress country. The habitat of these birds is surrounded by moats, sentinelled and guarded by fierce warders. The eye of the hunter as he walks should be keen to distinguish the ugly, coiled, cotton-mouth from the mud of the trail, which it closely resembles. His feet must be nimble to avoid the only less dangerous little speckled-bellied moccasins that swarm in his path, and his ear quick to catch the locust-like warnings of deadly rattle-snakes that lurk in the grass. Even the few dwellers on the borders of the Big Cypress have a wholesome dread of these reptiles, which is highly protective of the game of the country. Most of the



# CHRISTMAS DINNER WITHOUT THE POULTERER'S AID: THE HAUNTS OF THE WILD TURKEY.



1. A HEN TURKEY IN A 300-ACRE GRAPE-FRUIT PLANTATION THAT IS SANCTUARY TO ITS KIND.
2. TURKEYS WALKING AWAY FROM THE CAMERA.
3. TURKEYS TAKING TO TIMBER ON HEARING A GUN FIRED.
4. WILD TURKEY HOMEWARD BOUND AFTER A STORM.
5. A TURKEY EYEING THE PHOTOGRAPHER WITH SUSPICION.
6. A WILD TURKEY IN FLIGHT.

In many of the American States, the wild turkey has become as extinct as the dodo, yet there is one place in which the number of the birds seems to have decreased but little. This is the country of the Big Cypress Swamp in Florida, where the nature of the land protects them. In particular, the grape-fruit plantation there is sanctuary for them. The birds that make it their habit to visit this place have become very tame and take little notice of the men working near them. The casual sportsman seldom enters the haunt of the wild turkey in the neighbourhood of the Big Cypress Swamp, for guarding the birds are many snakes whose bite is death.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK.]

[Continued on Next Page.]



# A WALL OF FIRE THAT KILLS SNAKES BUT SPARES WILD TURKEYS: THE WILD TURKEY IN SANCTUARY ON A GRAPE-FRUIT PLANTATION.



1. TURKEYS ON THEIR WAY TO SEEK THE INSECT LIFE IN THE BRANCHES OF A FRESHLY FALLEN TREE.
2. WILD TURKEYS TAMED BY LIVING IN SANCTUARY.
3. A FIRE THAT KILLS SNAKES BUT SPARES TURKEYS; THE GRASS OF THE PRAIRIE ABLAZE.
4. TURKEYS, BORED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S ATTENTION, WALKING AWAY FROM HIM.
5. A STRANGE WILD TURKEY ARRIVING AT THE PLANTATION.

As we note on the previous page, the haunt of the wild turkey is the haunt also of many poisonous snakes. Now and again a hunter decides to get rid of some of these reptiles. To do so he sets fire to the grass of the prairie, and a great wall of flame half a mile or so in width sweeps forward with the wind. The birds are unharmed by this, but snakes perish in their thousands. The Big Cypress plantation provides abundant evidence that the wild turkey responds readily to friendly treatment, and it is hoped that many a forest will be restocked with the bird, and, indeed, with other wild creatures that have been almost exterminated by the careless hunter.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK.]

(SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



## IN THE CHRISTMAS PLAY THAT WILL NOT GROW UP.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRANK HAVILAND.



MISS PAULINE CHASE AS PETER PAN IN MR. BARRIE'S INIMITABLE FANTASY.

"Peter Pan" has just been revived for the fourth time, and there is every sign that, like its boy hero, it will never grow up. Miss Pauline Chase is again the Peter, and Mr. Robb Harwood is playing once more James Hook, the part in which he made such a hit last year. There is a new Wendy in the person of Miss Gertrude Lang, and a new Mr. Darling in the person of Mr. Reginald Owen, who, it will be remembered, played the erring boy in "The Thief."



## • AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S •



MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Whose "Alvares and Other Stories" will be published in January.

ANDREW LANG ON THE CHIEF OF CLAN MACCUMNOR'S SECRET, AND OTHER MATTERS.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY,

Who has written a modern romance entitled "Julian Revelstone."

EVERY good man must remember the splendid scenes at the Beau Paon inn at Fontainebleau, when the eight mysterious guests arrive, and the dying friar in orders grey collects from them their dread secrets. ("Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," Volume III., Chapters xxxiii.-xxxiv.) He is, it cannot have been forgotten, the General of the Jesuits, and he is seeking State secrets whereby the Company of Jesus may blackmail Kings and Princes.

Dumas tells us what the Freiherr Von Woster knew; what the Spanish Cardinal knew; what the Venetian Marini knew; what Aramis knew comes out in the course of the history. But what did the chief of Clan MacCumnor know, he who came to Fontainebleau "with seven mountaineers of his clan," "all plaided and plumed in their taitan array?"

Aramis nipped in, before Mac's turn came, with a secret so tremendous, an engine so powerful, that the General handed to him the awful and mysterious ring of office, and gave a few last orders.

"The Pope must die."

"Die he will," said Aramis sweetly.

"Three men affiliated to the order, dangerous men, must be sent to perish in Thibet."

"I will see to it," said Aramis, though to get them into Thibet was not so easy.

Then the General of the Jesuits died comfortable in his mind, and Aramis bade the

not help himself. But, unluckily, I cannot divulge, in this or any other self-respecting and moral serial, what it was that the Laird of MacCumnor knew, and revealed to Aramis (in English, which the seven mountaineers of his clan did not understand) beneath the dark oak-boughs of the Forest of Fontainebleau,



while the moon hid her face in an ebon cloud. I must write a paper on the subject for the British Academy, men of iron nerve, in a darkling chamber of Burlington House.

More I may not say, save that I discovered the dread mystery in an old Italian manuscript, buried among the "Additional MSS." of the British Museum, and in a dispatch of Mr. Kent, a diplomatist in Rome in 1669. Honour bright, I really did. But, to be fair to the memory of Charles II., I do not believe a word of the story. Still, it was told, and that would be good enough for Alexandre Dumas.

Somebody sends me a proof-slip of a magazine called, I think, the *Mermaid*, the organ of the University of Birmingham. In this I am accused of injustice to the memory of the regretted Professor Churton Collins, and as my misdeed was perpetrated in these columns, I hasten to make amends.

I had been reading a book of Mr. Collins in which he attacked a fellow-Professor for amazing ignorance. Knowing that the other Professor was, in fact, a dungeon of learning (a dungeon with the door open), I did not like the tone of his critic. When I presently found Mr. Collins writing about an interview between Calypso and Telemachus in the *Odyssey* I remarked that Mr. Collins must have mixed up Fénelon with Homer.

MR. EDMUND DULAC IN A NEW VEIN:  
"LYRICS, PATHETIC AND HUMOROUS.  
FROM A TO Z," FOR GROWN-UPS

Selected from Mr. Dulac's *Colour Book*, by  
Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co.

- "E was an exquisite elf  
Who enjoyed being quite by herself.  
She delighted to play in an elegant way  
With the things that she found on a shelf."
- "T was a tragical traitor  
Who had more than one imitator.  
And he totally thrived on the gifts he derived  
From the hands of the tender spectator."
- "K was a kind-hearted King  
Who once taught a bird how to sing,  
By knocking a pan with the knob of a fan,  
And a kettle tied on to a string."
- "P was a proud, pompous prince,  
Who lived on plum-pudding and quince.  
Once he put by mistake in his pipe a pancake.  
And has been very pale ever since."



doctor throw the half-glass of poison which the General had not finished into the fire, and swaggered out, "the master of kings, the equal of popes."

That is what I love in Dumas—he sees things so nobly grand and darkly iniquitous. The only General of the Jesuits with whom I have any historical acquaintance must, if Dumas is correct, have been Aramis, but ah, how fallen is he! The most guileless of mortals he was, in fact, and he was magnificently swindled. But could I recall the great Alexandre Dumas and put a pen in his hand, I could tell him what the Chief of Clan MacCumnor knew. It was really a more powerful engine of blackmail than even the secret of Aramis, who got the new mystery out of poor MacCumnor, squeezed Charles II., and made him take a step never yet explained, his effort to restore Catholicism in England in 1662-1670.

The King himself said that people would think him mad, and well they might, but Aramis had a moral thumbscrew on him, and he could



The Birmingham writer, Mr. Michael Macmillan, points out that Mr. Collins had inadvertently printed the name of *Calypso*, where he meant *Penelope*—a very comic inadvertence, for surely he read his proofsheets. However, there is the explanation.

Meanwhile, Mr. Macmillan should not accuse me of inaccuracy. He heads his own letter "Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus." Does he think that Horace wrote prose, or can he scan the Latin words as part of a hexameter, which they are, in Horace, but not as Mr. Macmillan arranges them? However, so eminent a scholar as Sir Walter Scott once made as curious an error.

The biographer of the late Mr. Lafcadio Hearne informs us that he detested Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, and preferred "Dobson, Watson, and Lang." Mr. Hearne cannot have spoken seriously when he said this, and, as the joke reflects on his sense of humour, it should have been buried in oblivion.



# IN CHRISTMAS MOOD.



PIGS AND POLITICS: SERVIAN M.P.s TAKING HOME LIVE PIGS FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

A great Pig Fair is held every Christmas time near the Parliament House at Belgrade, and as a young pig roasted whole is to the Servians what our turkey and roast beef are to us, a splendid trade is done. Our Artist shows a characteristic scene at the railway station, a leader of the Servian M.P.s saying "au revoir" to humbler deputies wearing national costume and each carrying a pig. "Last Christmas," says our correspondent, "I travelled with a party of deputies second class, the privilege of the Servian M.P. Five they were, and each with a pig. I remarked to a fellow-traveller that the yelling of the pigs did not seem to inconvenience them. 'No, they get used to that in Parliament,' was his reply."

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY ROOK CARNEGIE.



## PRIMITIVE CHRISTMAS TREES: WOODEN PYRAMIDS.

THE HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS TREE FAVOURED BY THE POORER CLASSES OF GERMANY.



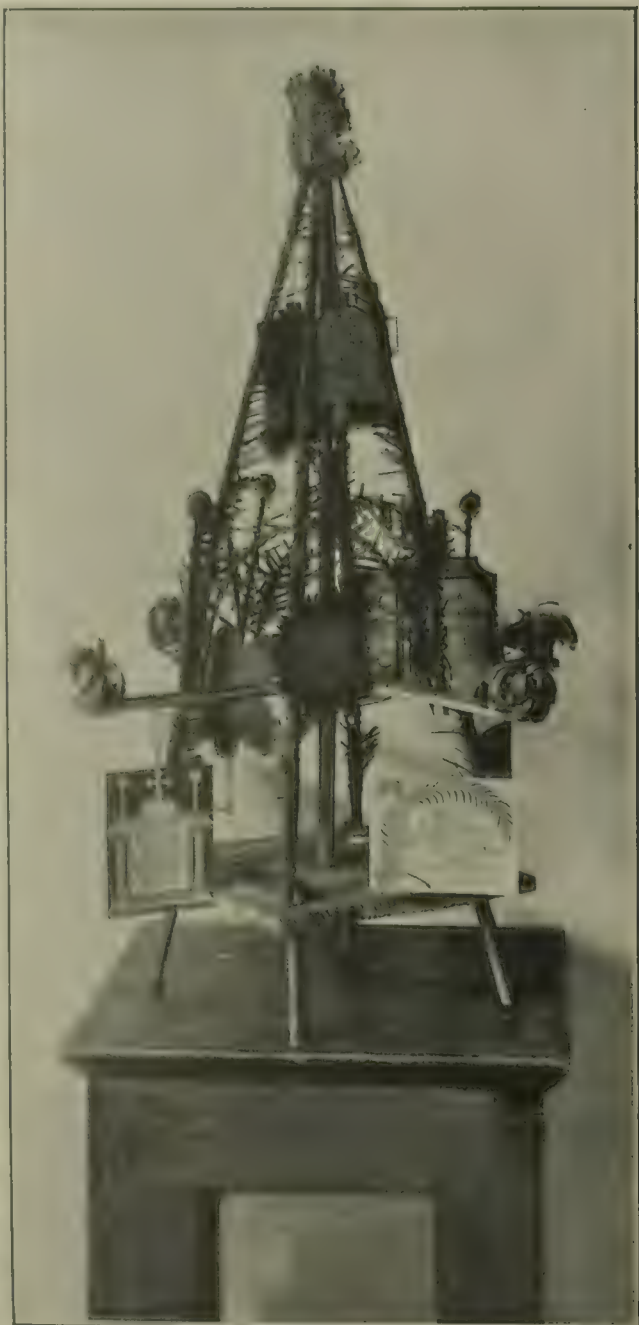
ONE OF THE HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS TREES FAVOURED BY GERMANS WHO CANNOT AFFORD A FIR.



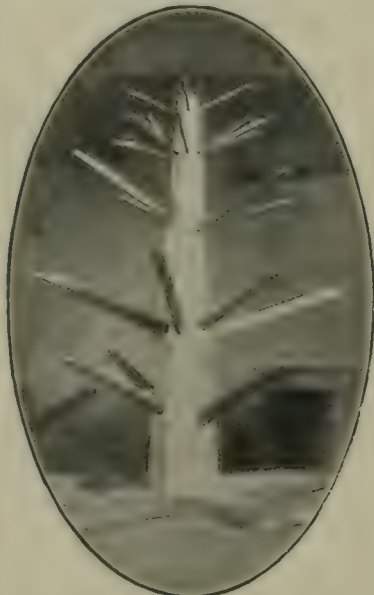
AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS: AN ENGRAVING FROM LANG'S ALMANACK, 1799.



A SIMPLE CHRISTMAS PYRAMID WITH A FLOWER-POT BASE.



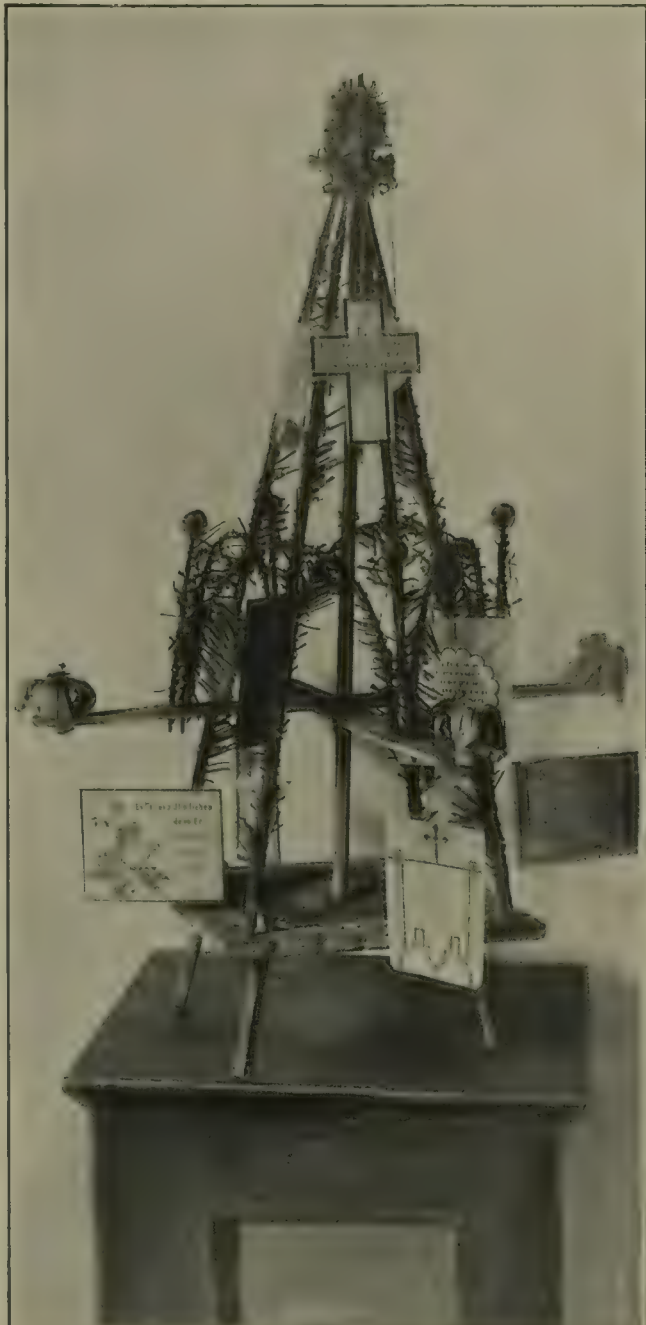
A MORE ELABORATE CHRISTMAS PYRAMID, FROM THE PROVINCIAL MUSEUM, BERLIN.



THE 'MOST PRIMITIVE CHRISTMAS TREE OF ALL: A WOODEN STUMP WITH PROJECTING PEGS.



AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS: THE TITLE-PAGE OF DANIEL CHODOWIECKI'S "CHRISTMAS PRESENTS," 1776.



A MODERATELY ELABORATE CHRISTMAS-TREE, FROM THE BERLIN PROVINCIAL MUSEUM.

The Christmas tree had, of course, its origin in the Church. The congregation who assembled for prayers on Christmas Eve and on Christmas morning made offerings of candles, placing them on the upstanding prongs of pyramidal erections set up for the purpose. Later, organisation transformed this promiscuous giving into a regular ceremony performed by societies. From this, in turn, came the lighted Christmas tree individual to the family. When it was comparatively difficult to get firs for the purpose it was customary, in Germany especially, to build pyramidal erections in wood. These have become rarer as the Christmas tree has become commoner, but they are still used in some parts.



A BRICK THAT IS AS EFFECTIVE AS A TRADE UNION:  
A REMARKABLE CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.



"PUTTING UP THE BRICK" IN THE SERGEANTS' MESS OF THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS: A SIGN THAT AS LITTLE WORK  
AS POSSIBLE SHALL BE DONE.

The Sergeants' mess of the 2nd Life Guards possess an ordinary builder's brick, which for the greater part of the year rests in state on a silver-mounted ebony stand under a glass case. At the beginning of holidays, Christmas and otherwise, this brick is removed ceremoniously from its case, and hung by means of a chain over the canteen bar. While it is so suspended it is understood that no unnecessary work shall be undertaken, and it is as effective as any trade union that ever limited the output of labour. The custom has been observed for close upon ten years, and had its origin in the well-known music-hall song which has as one of the lines of its chorus, "When the brick went up, we wouldn't work another minute longer."

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



# NO DISTINCTION OF CLASSES.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLERE



"FIRST" AND "THIRD": WHEN EXTREMES MEET—A CHRISTMAS-EVE STUDY.



# A REAL RELIEF - PARTY: CHRISTMAS DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DRAWN BY PETERS



SNOWED - UP, BUT WILLING TO BE FESTIVE: BRINGING PROVISIONS TO THE PASSENGERS OF A SNOWED-UP TRAIN.



## HIS CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON NAP.

DRAWN BY NOEL FLOWER.



BETWEEN THE FESTIVITIES: FORTY WINKS.



## CHRISTMAS AMONG THE SNOWS: THE LUGERS.

DRAWN BY E. LELONG.



ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING: LUGEING.

The Swiss luge, known also as the Schlittli, is a great favourite. The sitting-coaster weighs anything from four pounds to twenty pounds or more, and the larger ones are made to carry two. The work done on these is regarded merely as the first steps in the art of tobogganing, and takes place over straight runs.



## AMONG THE SNOWS: BOB-SLEIGHING AND TOBOGGANING.

DRAWN BY E. LELONG



### WINTER SPORTS AT CHRISTMAS TIME: THE RIVALS

It is becoming more and more the fashion to spend Christmas out of England, and there are no more eagerly sought places than those resorts at which the many winter sports can be practised.



# THE CENTRE OF ALL CHRISTIAN BETHLEHEM, THE PLACE



PEOPLE OF BETHLEHEM LEAVING THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.



A SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK AT BETHLEHEM.



THE CHRISTMAS MORNING PROCESSION ON ITS WAY FROM THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS TO THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.



MARRIED WOMEN OF BETHLEHEM, SHOWING THE HEAD-DRESS THAT INDICATES THEIR WEDDED STATE.



A SHEPHERD WATCHING HIS FLOCK BY THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD.

Christmas in the Holy Land is a unique experience that many make long journeys to attain. On Christmas morning all turn towards Bethlehem, and from Jerusalem hundreds of pilgrims shepherds to whom the tidings of the birth of a Saviour were brought tended their flocks. On Christmas morning, those pilgrims who enter the Field of the Shepherds may receive in Under it is the Grotto in which the

PHOTOGRAPHED BY

# THOUGHT AT CHRISTMAS TIME. OF THE NATIVITY.



LOOKING TOWARDS BETHLEHEM.



A GENERAL VIEW OF BETHLEHEM, SHOWING, ON THE LEFT, THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.



WOMEN OF BETHLEHEM GRINDING CORN AT THE ENTRANCE TO THEIR HOME.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, SHOWING THE MONOLITHIC PILLARS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BROUGHT FROM THE RUINS OF HEROD'S TEMPLE.



THE GROTTA BENEATH THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, SHOWING THE ALTAR AND THE SILVER STAR THAT IS SAID TO MARK THE EXACT PLACE OF THE NATIVITY—THE HEART OF THE MARBLE-WALLED, PICTURE-HUNG SANCTUARY.

make their way. The holy places of their seeking are the Church of the Nativity, the Grotto beneath the church, and 'the Field' of the Shepherds, in which, according to tradition, those it is the Church's blessing. The procession through the streets is headed by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. The Church of the Nativity is said to have been erected by Constantine. Saviour is said to have been born.

SHEPHERDS.



## ART · MUSIC · &amp; THE · DRAMA ·



MISS VIOLET LORAINÉ,  
Principal Boy at the  
Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

## ART NOTES.

THE abandonment of an Old Master exhibition at Burlington House this winter marks an era of declension in the history of the Academy. For a

long time the contemporary painter has been notoriously unhappy about the proportion, as he deems it, between the honours paid to the dead and those ceded to the living. Enormous sums are paid in the sale-room for works by deceased Masters, where what can only be called derisive bids are made for the canvases of Masters who still paint. On this point it is easy to see a certain distance with the eye of the complainants. Undoubtedly there is something forced in the great sums a Raphael or a Velasquez or a Franz Hals fetches; and, equally without doubt, the cheques written in the sale-room the other day for a La Thangue and a Stanhope Forbes were grotesquely inadequate.

The fancy price paid for the Old Master has at least a justification. But what of the Copes and the Leslies, the Longs and even the Leightons of yesterday? The factitious importance attached to the name of artist, and to all who took it however vainly, form a footnote of some length in any candid history of the Victorian era. The rise of the rich manufacturer as a buyer, who bought, not because he knew a good picture when he saw it, but because there was something socially alluring to him in the rôle of a patron of artists, completed the illusion.

That illusion the sale-room and the vastly improved taste of the newspaper critic of to-day have dispelled; and it seems little less than childish for those who are now paying the price of their fathers' undue prosperity to turn and rend the enduring canvases of the Masters of the Past. How often have we been asked to pardon the shortcomings of the Royal Academy as a summer show on the ground that it educated the public by the winter exhibition of Old Masters! And, now that the public has been educated, the curtain is to fall. But that education cannot be undone or impeded; and the exhibition of the McCulloch collection of modern pictures in place of a collection of Old Masters will have no other effect than to accentuate, in the public eye, the gulf between the art that exists for a doubtful moment and that which is for all time.

Mr. Gilbert's resignation of Academy honours, though long foreseen, must not be allowed to pass without an expression of keen regret. Mr. Gilbert has broken the club rules, and the breach bears its consequence as a matter of course. But in so far as the Academy is more than a club—is, in fact, an association of true artists—the gap left in its ranks by the going of Mr. Gilbert is too great to be ignored. Mr. Gilbert the Academician is no more; but we refuse to say good-bye to Mr. Gilbert the great craftsman who has put imagination into metal, and who, if he wills it, may add to his honours others far more lasting than the titular ones that have now disappeared.

M. Rodin's monument to Whistler has reached the stage at which the model, and the photograph of the



MISS MARIE WILSON,  
Alice Fitz-Warren at Drury  
Lane.



MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON,  
Dick Whittington at Drury  
Lane.

PANTOMIME BOYS AND GIRLS: PRINCIPALS:  
IN THE CHIEF PRODUCTIONS OF THIS YEAR.

MISS CRESSIE LEONARD,  
Principal Boy at the Theatre  
Royal, Nottingham.



MISS MAY BEATTY,  
Principal Boy at the Theatre  
Royal, Manchester.



MISS DOROTHY WARD,  
Principal Boy at the Theatre  
Royal, Belfast.



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALÉ,  
Principal Boy at the Theatre  
Royal, Birmingham.



MISS VIOLET LLOYD,  
Principal Boy at the Theatre  
Royal, Newcastle.



MISS MARIE GEORGE, KATRINA AT DRURY LANE.



MISS VIOLET HALLS,  
Principal Boy at the Grand  
Theatre, Glasgow.



MISS MARIE DAINTON,  
Principal Girl at the King's  
Theatre, Hammer-smith.

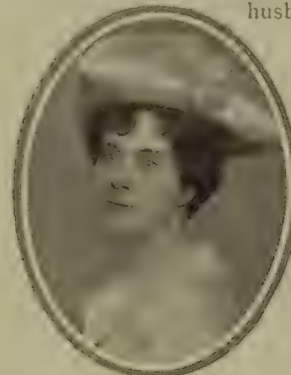
## MUSIC.

THE concert given at the Queen's Hall last week by the Audrey Chapman Orchestra may well have served to remind Londoners of the good work done by the players who devote their time and talents to the service of the poorer quarters of London. This performance was given in aid of the Free Concert Fund, which is, or was, in debt to the extent of fifty pounds, and, apart from the well-chosen programme, there were several points of special interest.

MISS CARRIE  
MOORE,  
Principal Boy at the  
Adelphi.

In the first place, M. René Ortmans conducted, and he is one of the few men who can handle an orchestra with distinction, understanding as he does the best traditions of his art, holding a level balance between expression and restraint. He is a conductor who does good work well, and a musician who has done much in his own quiet way for London music. Madame Leschetizky, fourth wife of the distinguished Viennese Professor of the pianoforte, came specially to London for the concert, and introduced a new work by her husband. She also played the solo part from Saint-Saëns' concerto in G minor. Her reception was very hearty and her playing delighted the house. The Audrey Chapman Orchestra has improved very considerably of late, and the Schumann Symphony was given in very attractive fashion.

MISS ADA REEVE,  
Principal Boy at the Shakespeare  
Theatre, Liverpool.



MISS DOROTHY CRASKE,  
Principal Boy at the Lyceum  
Theatre.



MISS OUIDA MACDERMOTT,  
Principal Boy at the Prince's  
Theatre, Bristol.

It is now decided that Dr. Woodall Naylor's opera, "The Angelus," will be given at Covent Garden in the last week in January. Dr. Naylor is lecturer and organist at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and his work gained the £500 prize offered by Messrs. Ricordi for the best opera by a British composer. There is perhaps a little reflection upon our musical achievements in the thought that we must go to Milan to find a patron for English art. Messrs. Ricordi are wealthy and enterprising, and they have not found in the past that their method of securing new work is unprofitable, but London publishers are in no hurry to follow their lead. Public competition must be held accountable to a large extent for the discovery of young Italy, and houses like those of Ricordi and Sonzogno have worked so well for Italian music that even the musicians of outlying countries have derived some measure of benefit from their exertions. Public support is, of course, the factor that settles all operative questions. If the British public would give to good first-class opera the support they give to second-class musical comedy, we should not hear so many complaints from the great unemployed who must write opera without any hope of seeing it performed.

The portraits of the Misses Violet Loraine, Carrie Moore, May Beatty, Dorothy Ward, Ada Reeve, Dorothy Craske, Violet Lloyd, Violet Halls, and Marie Dainton are by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield; those of the Misses Marie Wilson, Queenie Leighton, Sybil Arundale, and Cressie Leonard are by the Dover Street Studios. All the ladies are playing either principal boy or principal girl in one or other of the chief productions of the year.

model, can be shown. The subscribers, who are the members of the International Society, of which Whistler was the first President, as predecessor to Rodin, will have a surprise: for all who give commissions to Rodin have surprises. The monument takes the form of an allegorical female figure, holding a tablet. But the originality of M. Rodin's work lies in the treatment. The County Council have given a small piece of the ground on the Embankment which encloses also the statue of Carlyle.  
E. M.



# THE UNEXPECTED . GUEST : A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.



A CASUAL CUSTOMER.



## SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



GREAT MEN OF SCIENCE.—No. XXXI.,  
PROFESSOR RICHARD C. MACLAURIN,  
New President of the Massachusetts Institute of  
Technology.—[Photograph by Grosfeld.]

SCIENCE  
JOTTINGS

TELEPATHY AND  
OTHER THINGS.

I must be confessed that the progress of research and experiment in relation to telepathy does not make much advance. Every now and again a trumpet blast in the newspapers announces that a new discovery has been made respecting the possibility of brain-waves, so called, passing from human beings and affecting the brains of others at a distance. So, also, there are occasional outbursts of the spirit-photography theories. As I write, a newspaper commission is sitting, I believe, for the purpose of routing out the truth or falsity of the photographs of "spirits" which, it is alleged, appear on photographic plates through supernatural influence. The commission is composed of believers and of professional photographers. I may be allowed to put the matter in another way: of believers in the reality of spirit-photographs and of sceptics. It will be interesting to note the results of the investigations. My experience of such researches, conjointly undertaken, is that the matter will remain *in statu quo ante*. The spiritualists will not convince the photographers, and the latter will not satisfy the spiritualists that any so-called mystic development on a plate is anything more than a purely explicable occurrence, when it is not a clear case of fraud and imposture.

Doubtless the photographers will bring up the experiments of Dr. Russell with plates which have never been exposed at all. He showed that plates, through the action of peroxide of hydrogen, present even in minute quantities, would receive impressions in the dark even from the paper in which they were wrapped up. Newspaper wrappings were thus reproduced, and the photographs of other objects. It is thus quite possible to photograph in the dark, and of this fact a tricky conjurer might well take advantage and develop an image from an unexposed plate, which image would naturally be figured forth as a spirit-picture. We may, however, await the result of the commission's labours. Those of us who have even but a fair acquaintance with the part played by spiritualists in such investigations may prophesy that neither side will convince the other.

Telepathy stands on a different footing. It needs no chemical expert to act as arbiter concerning what may or may not be explained by processes of purely physical kind. The Society for Psychical Research has over and over again investigated so-called telepathic evidences, but the result has not been by any means convincing, any more than has been that of the investigation of what we may call telepathy between the living and the dead. Of late days the subject of the

possibility of communicating with the "spirits" of the departed has been prominently revived. Such topics are hardly perennials in the world of speculative thought. Even Sir Oliver Lodge has been drawn into the controversy, and, with an ingenuousness singular on the part of a scientist, has ranked himself on the side of those who apparently can find the only

as a communicating agent—Mrs. Myers and her family indignantly repudiate the likelihood of any so-called messages having emanated from their deceased relative. Mr. Myers himself, in his book, summed up the mass of the evidence he dealt with as not justifying a belief that communication between the living and the dead had even a *prima-facie* case.

It is well to exhaust the possibilities of rational explanation of so-called occult phenomena before we ascend into the clouds for speculative and bizarre modes of accounting for them. The case of the medium who figures forth as the theatrical intermediary between living people and the spirits of their dead friends presents certain points worthy of consideration. She (the medium) is thrown, or throws herself, into a trance, or into what we may call a hypnotic state. It is, apparently, only while she is so affected that she can act as the recipient of messages from the spirit-world. Now, the mesmeric state is known to us as a phase of brain-action. There is no mystery regarding its induction or its nature. Among its phases we certainly meet with exaltation of sense, and with a higher degree of what we may call recipient power on the part of the brain. Suppose a hypnotised medium to illustrate these increased sensibilities, then it is possible that, instead of being influenced by the spirits of the departed, she is really responding to the suggestions of her questioner. The inquirer asks concerning the state of the departed, questions the medium regarding matters in the history of the deceased of which the medium could have no cognisance; and replies are given. Is it not more reasonable to believe that there has been some form of subtle communication between questioner and medium than to assert boldly that spirits must choose to communicate with their living friends through channels which, to say the least, are of a somewhat incongruous kind?

It may be maintained that on such a theory there must be postulated a kind of telepathy between medium and inquirer. Possibly there does exist such a force, which, as I have said, is received by the exalted senses of the medium; and I should rather elect to believe in this latter alternative than to accept that of spirit-communications about details often trivial in the extreme. It is remarkable that no spirit has ever given us any definite information regarding what everyone wishes to know—namely, the state or sphere of which death is the antechamber. The spirit-talk is idle chatter, mostly. It is of such a nature that, as Huxley declared, the idea of spirits being compelled to figure in séances and to play down to the fraternity of mediums, if realised, would add a new terror to death.

ANDREW WILSON.



OTTO VON GUERICKE'S  
EXPERIMENT IN AIR PRESSURE



THE SCIENTIFIC PHOTOGRAPHER AIDING THE SCULPTOR,  
TAKING A BIRD'S-EYE PHOTOGRAPH OF A RACE-HORSE  
RUNNING AT FULL SPEED.

Aided by photographs of a running race-horse taken by means of the arrangement illustrated, and by the skeleton of Sysonby, the sculptor made the model of the famous race-horse that appears on this page.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the "American Museum Journal."



SYSONBY AT FULL SPEED: THE SCULPTURE THAT RESULTED FROM THE  
BIRD'S-EYE PHOTOGRAPHS.

explanation of certain curious phenomena in the view that there can be communication from behind the veil with humanity. But I notice that, in the apparently very extraordinary case in which the late F. W. Myers was believed to send messages through the medium of Mrs. Piper, if I mistake not—that worthy lady who has figured long



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## LADIES' PAGE.

SINCE I last mentioned the burning question of votes for women, several notable incidents have happened, of which perhaps the decision of the House of Lords' Judicial Committee that women are not "persons" is the most remarkable. The question brought before those highest legal authorities of the realm was whether the women who hold the degrees of the Scottish Universities, and have, by taking those degrees, fulfilled the qualification required by the Act of Parliament for exercising the vote for M.P.s for those special constituencies, are not entitled to receive their voting-papers. The Act of Parliament giving the Universities a representative in the House of Commons distinctly says that "every person" is entitled to vote who holds a degree, and who is also "of full age and not under any legal disability." Their Lordships determined that women are not such "persons"—a decision which means that those educated, tax-paying ladies who hold a degree—some of them a double degree, in arts and science both—are not worthy to add a ballot to the pile cast by even illiterates of the other sex whose ignorance is so dense that they cannot distinguish the letters of the candidates' names in print, and must therefore cross their ballot-papers under the supervision of somebody who can read!

Then there has been formed a Committee of influential men to oppose the giving of votes to women. Most of them are time-honoured opponents—Lord James of Hereford and Sir Edward Clarke, for instance; but Lord Curzon and Lord Cromer are new in this "galley," and undoubtedly influential. The "true inwardness" of the matter, however, is something so overwhelmingly strong that no opposition can permanently, I think, avail—it is the present economic position of women, so changed, as it is, from that of the women of other days. This has been forcibly alluded to in a memorial just addressed to the Premier by the medical women of the country. It appears that there are altogether now on the medical register 553 fully qualified lady doctors; and of these, 538 sign this demand for the vote, leaving only 15 who are opposed to its extension to women. This overwhelming majority say many striking things in their letter to the Premier, but the "nub" of their argument is in these few words—"We are a body of tax-paying, self-supporting women. In earning our living, we necessarily encounter the same economic conditions as men, and we claim that we should have a vote in the regulation of those conditions."

It is this fact, that under modern social conditions fully half of the adult women of the country have to work for their own independent livelihood, and that those women are "persons," without any question about it, when required to pay a full share of the taxation piled up, and to submit to all the interfering laws passed, by the representative Chamber, that must

lead to representation being allowed them at last. From this point of view, peculiar interest attaches to the formation of the Actresses' Woman's Suffrage Society, which held its first "At Home" at the Criterion on Dec. 18. As self-supporting and independent women, the leaders of the "profession" have ranged



AN EMPIRE TEA-GOWN.

This artistic frock, suitable for a country-house dinner also, is of satin trimmed embroidery, and tucked chiffon.

themselves in strong force with the demand. Mrs. Kendal is the president, and both Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh are on the list of vice-presidents, with Miss Eva Moore, Miss Gertrude Elliott, and Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley; while amongst the enrolled members of the League are Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Fanny

Brough, Miss Lillian Braithwaite, Mrs. Lancaster Wallis, and many others.

There is no reason to suppose that women will not always put the graces of life in a foremost place in their interests, no matter how wide their sphere and responsible their working life may become. It is too clear that looks are of prime importance to our sex for the fact to be ever forgotten. What will suit the individual may, perhaps, come to be more widely considered than ever before, as women's intelligence and independence are brought more fully into play. Already we are far more individual, and styles are much less enforced upon the whole world of women by dressmakers, than was the case in Early Victorian days. There is always a prevailing fashion; but, if a woman, for her own reasons, does not adopt it, nobody is surprised. In the coiffure this assertion of individual judgment is particularly apparent. The turned-back "Pompadour" is decidedly left behind by Fashion's ever-changing whims, yet thousands of women to whose faces it is suited continue, and will continue, to dress the hair in that way.

## A FASHIONABLE TOQUE.

Of velvet and ermine, trimmed with peacock's feathers.

This style is eminently becoming to certain types—the stately, calm countenance on the one hand and the piquant irregular features at the other extreme. But there are a good many faces to which it is distinctly trying to turn the hair up high above the brow. The Greek coils and curls at the back of the head are naturally bringing back the flat dressing of the hair in front, while combs are used to very slightly puff out the sides, above and to the front of the ears. For evening wear, bandeaux are passed across the top of the head, à la Grecque; sometimes it is flat bands of gold or silver ribbon which are thus placed, but more becoming to most women are wreaths of small flowers, such as jasmine, forget-me-not, or lily of the valley, or again, wreaths of silver or gold leaves are used. Then a small cluster of the same blossoms or leaves appears just behind each ear, under which the wreath or bandeau ends. It is a very becoming style of coiffure to accompany the present fashion in our gowns, with their classic folds, and suggestions of the draperies of Greece of old.

Oxygen is the great purifier, the natural enemy of the microbes that are mischievous to humanity. Thus the discovery of a tooth-powder which generates oxygen in the mouth enables decay of the teeth to be averted or arrested. It is already well known as "Calox." A useful pamphlet on "The Care of the Teeth," giving full particulars of "Calox," will be sent post-free by Messrs. Wootton, 14, Trinity Square, London, E.C., to any applicant. FILOMENA.

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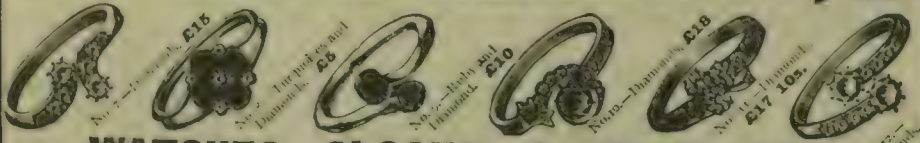
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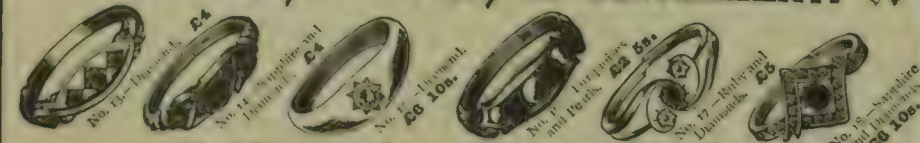
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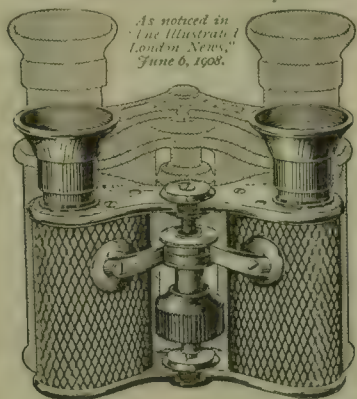
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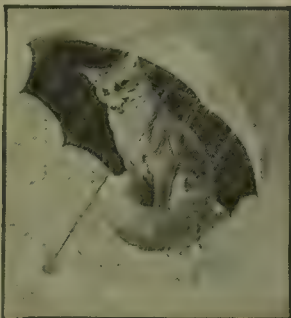
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A large section of the French manufacturers are out to scotch both the Grand Prix and the Salon. With reference to the latter in particular, they suggest that the Salon should alternate with Olympia, a very pretty suggestion from their point of view. But I do not fancy that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, as the British fly, will march so innocently into the parlour of the French spider. The business done at Olympia last month was much too good to permit the barest contemplation of this French suggestion, which, if adopted, must result largely in favour of the French industry: for while English people still go to France to buy cars, no English cars except a few Napiers and Siddeleys are ever bought by

Frenchmen. No, no, Messieurs les French manufacturers; very pretty, but not at all practical.

All private-car owners who have at any time played the mechanic's part with relation to their own or any other person's car, and in that capacity have indulged in a struggle or two with tyres, appreciate the devilom

them. But very little has been said upon the subject of late; I never heard of anyone else removing his security-bolts; and I believe that Mr. Edge has returned to them.

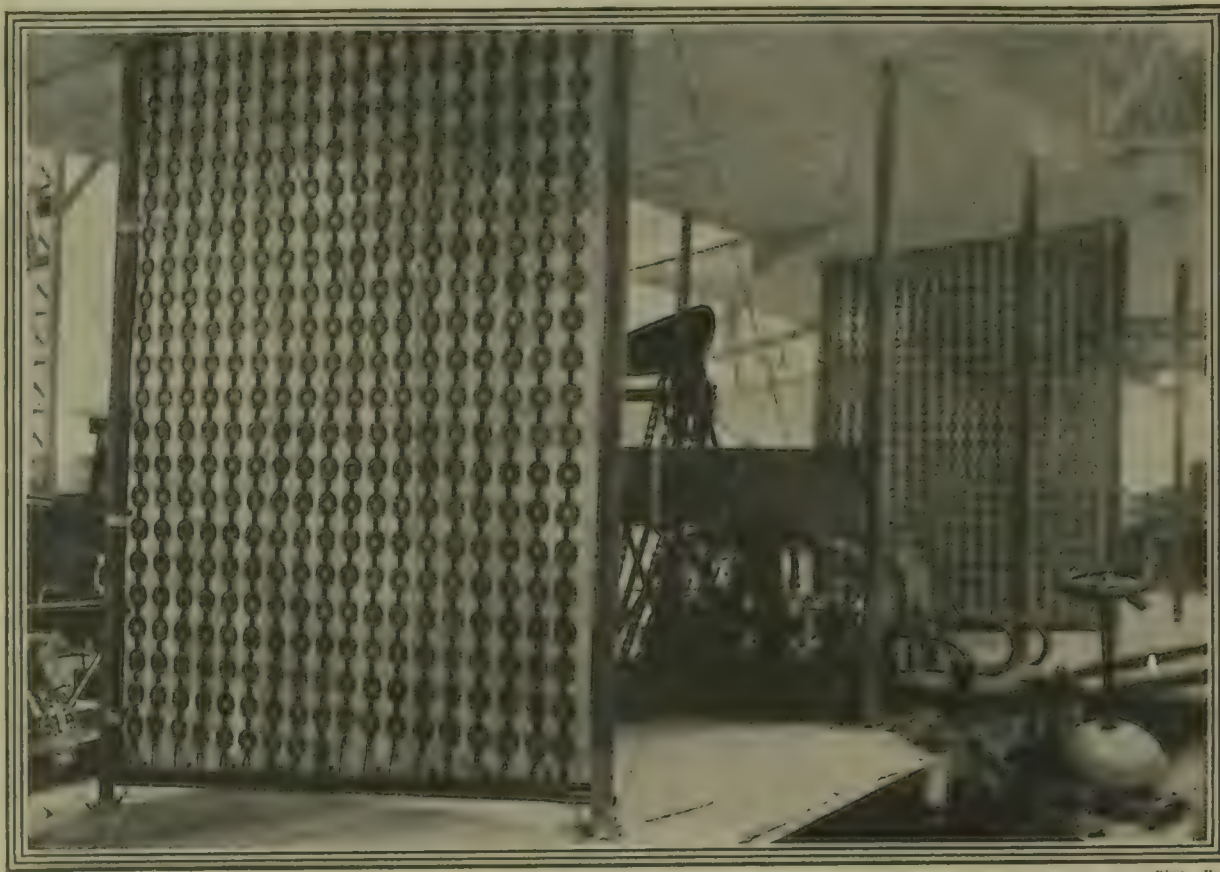
Now, although nothing has been mooted on this side of the Channel, I find that, for the past two or three weeks, certain French technical journals have discussed

the abolition of the security-bolt, and illustrate and describe the means by which the great firm of Michelin have done this in the interests of all motorists. As suggested, the security-bolts disappear, and, if not, their places—at least, their important functions—are discharged by a novel fitting to the valve. This takes the shape of a double spoon-shaped plate some four inches or so long, carried on the valve-tube something after the manner of the head of a security-bolt, but made with upswept, over, and in-turned edges, which bear upon the inner surfaces of the tyre-beads, and when the valve is secured, secures the cover, preventing all creeping. I gather that this holds the tyre perfectly, and that the much-objurgated security-bolts pass into the *Ewigkeit*. If Michelins say so, it is so!

The gate system of changing gear, introduced by the makers of the Mercedes cars, has now become almost universal; and it really would appear as though the little coterie who own all the Mercedes patents in this country had waited quietly until the device figured

upon nearly every car turned out in Great Britain before pouncing upon makers and agents for royalties.

The consistent success of "Continental" tyres was further exemplified at the Olympia Show, where over 30 per cent. of the cars shown were fitted with these tyres, and at the Paris Salon, where 711 wheels were similarly fitted.



THE CURTAIN-LIKE RADIATORS OF THE BLERIOT BIPLANE.

The circles communicate with one another by India-rubber tubes.

which from time to time appears to reside in security-bolts. Despite the greatest care they insist upon getting out of position, with the inevitable result that sooner or later the burst comes, and trouble therewith. I think I am right in saying that some time ago that particularly practical motorist, Mr. S. F. Edge, suggested that security-bolts could be dispensed with, and that tyres would keep their position in rims quite well without

Photo. Rel.

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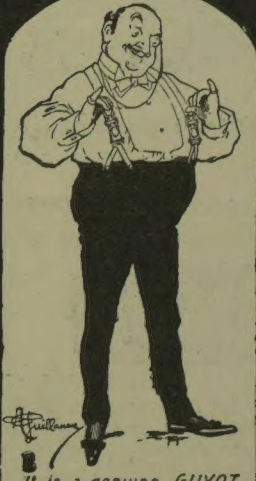
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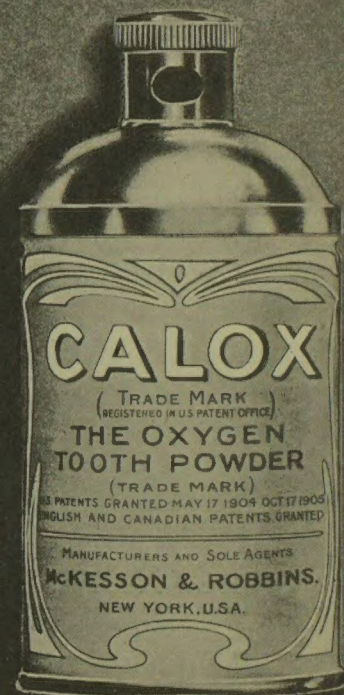
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## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

EUGENE HENRY.—The book is published by E. Wallis, Springfield, Scarborough.

G LEWISWHITE (Elsam).—The corrected diagram shall receive early attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3367 received from H P Brunner (Reading, Pa., U.S.A.) and F R Lyne (Quebec); of No. 3368 from Eugene Henry (Lewisham), R H Couper (Malbone, U.S.A.), C Field junior (Aston, Mass.), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Ada M Williams (Darlington) and F Smee; of No. 3369 from Eugene Henry, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), F Smee, and J Dixon; of No. 3370 from Albert Wolff (Putney), Eugene Henry, J Dixon, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Roman Janelli (Lemberg), J D Tucker (Irkley), Mrs. Kelly (Lymington), Ernst Mauer (Berlin), R C Widdecombe (Saltash), and M Green.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3371 received from Captain J A Challice, J Dixon, M Folwell, Ernst Mauer, T Roberts (Hackney), Albert Wolff, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), W S Forrester (Bristol), R C Widdecombe, Nellie Morris (Winchelsea), Sorrento, R Worters (Canterbury), Edipus, J D Tucker, J Cave, E J Winter-Wood, Frank H Unwin (Haverhill), Major Buckley (Inston), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E Burke, and J Coad (Vauxhall).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3370.—By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to R 7th. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

As usual at this season we give some Chess Sparklets, all from tournaments or good match play.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, between Messrs. W. A. RUTH and R. A. RAMSEY.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Ruth).	BLACK (Mr. Ramsey).	WHITE (Mr. Ruth).	BLACK (Mr. Ramsey).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	12. B takes Kt	Q to B 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	13. B takes Kt	Kt takes B
3. P to K 4th	P takes K P	14. Q R to K sq	
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	15. R takes Kt	B to Kt 2nd
5. P to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	16. B takes P (ch)	P takes R
6. Q to Kt 3rd	H takes Kt (ch)	17. Q to R 3rd (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
7. Q takes B	Kt to B 3rd	18. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R 2nd
8. B to Kt 5th	P takes P	19. R to K 4th	Resigns
9. Kt takes P	Castles		
10. B to Q 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
11. Castles K R	P to Q Kt 3rd		
12. Kt to K 5th			

The position is somewhat typical of successful assaults in this opening. The two

## CHESS IN AUSTRIA.

Game played in the Vienna Tournament, between Messrs. RUBINSTEIN and RETI.

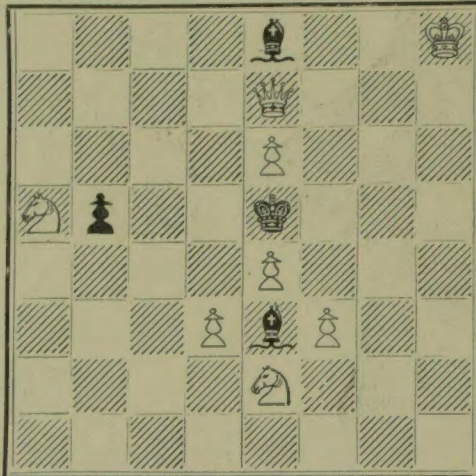
(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Rubinstein).	BLACK (Mr. Reti).	WHITE (Mr. Rubinstein).	BLACK (Mr. Reti).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	8. Castles	Castles
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	9. B to Q 2nd	P to Q Kt 3rd
3. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. Kt to K 5th	B to Kt 2nd
4. P to K B 4th	Kt to Q Kt 5th	11. R to B 3rd	It to Q 3rd
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes B	12. R to R 3rd	R to K sq
6. P takes Kt		13. B to K sq	B takes Kt
		14. B P takes B	Kt to Q 2nd
		15. B to R 4th	Q to B sq
		16. Q to Kt 4th	Resigns

Better than Q takes Kt, as it prevents Black making the useful move of Kt to K 5th.  
A fatal capture. B to K 2nd saves the position for the time being.

PROBLEM No. 3373.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Game awarded Brilliancy Prize in the New Zealand Chess Congress, between Messrs. A. W. O. DAVIS and M. FREEMAN.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Q B takes P	P takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	10. H takes P (ch)	Kt to Kt sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd	11. Kt to K 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd
4. B to B 4th	Kt to K R 3rd	12. Q takes B	Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	13. Q takes B	P to Kt 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 4th	14. Q to B 3rd	R to B sq
7. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	15. K B to Kt 3rd	Resigns
8. Kt to Q 5th	P to Q B 3rd		
9. Q Kt takes P			

The attack is now irresistible. Each of

## SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By A. F. MACKENZIE.

White: K at K Kt 5th, Q at K R sq, Rs at K R 6th and Q B 6th, Ks at K 5th and K B 3rd, B at Q R 8th, P at Kt 3rd.  
Black: K at Q 4th, Rs at Q R 7th and Q Kt 8th, Kts at K Kt sq and Q R 8th, Ps at Q 5th, Q 6th, K B 4th, K Kt 5th, Q B 5th, and Q B 6th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 2.—By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

White: K at K 8th, Q at K B sq, Rs at K R 6th and Q 8th, Bs at K 5th and Q Kt 5th, Kt at Q 7th.  
Black: K at Q 4th, Q at Q R 5th, R at K Kt 5th, Kt at K Kt 4th, B at Q Kt sq, Ps at Q B 2nd and 3rd, K B 2nd, and K Kt 2nd.

White mates in two moves.

No. 3.—By EMIL PALKOSKA.

White: K at Q B 7th, Q at K R sq, Kts at Q 4th and K B 5th, B at K Kt 5th.  
Black: K at K 4th, B at K B 2nd, Ps at Q B 4th, Q B 5th, Q B 6th and Q 6th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 4.—By H. E. KIDSON.

White: K at K R 2nd, Q at Q Kt 5th, R at K sq, Kts at Q 5th and K Kt 8th, B at Q B sq, P at K Kt 6th.  
Black: K at K 3rd, R at K 5th, B at Q Kt sq, Ps at K 2nd, Q 3rd, K B 4th, K Kt 4, and K R 6th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 5.—By B. G. LAWS.

White: K at Q 2nd, Q at Q Kt 6th, R at K Kt 4th, Kt at K R 6th, B at K Kt sq, P at Q Kt 2nd.  
Black: K at Q 4th, R at K Kt sq, Kt at K Kt 3rd, Ps at Q 6th, K 4th, K Kt 6th, and K Kt 7th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 6.—By H. M. PRIEBAUX.

White: K at Q R 7th, Q at K B 4th, Bs at K 3rd and K 4th, Ps at K 5th and K 6th.  
Black: K at Q B 5th.

White mates in three moves.

Solutions will be acknowledged.

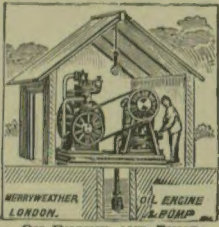
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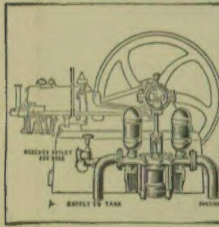
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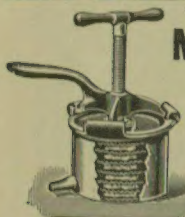


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# To our Subscribers, and to those who Should be our Subscribers.

Our regular readers, and those who propose to become our regular readers, may care to learn something of our plans for next year.

First and foremost, everything will be done to maintain and to increase the reputation of our paper, which can claim not only to be the first illustrated newspaper in the world, but to be always the first to adopt the latest methods of reproduction and the newest ideas in printing. To be

## Up = to = Date

is a necessity nowadays, and the knowledge of this fact and its exercise are the reasons for the increased popularity of the greatest illustrated paper in the English language—indeed, our policy has always been to be up-to-date.

To give our plans for the coming year in detail would call for too much space, but we may be permitted to indicate the methods by which we intend to interest all who read our paper.

## Literature

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, whose reputation as philosopher and humourist is world-wide, has for a long time past done his best work for our paper, and he will continue to be responsible for a part of the journal that has existed almost as long as the paper itself—"Our Note Book."

MR. ANDREW LANG will give to the world weekly his article "At the Sign of St. Paul's."

DR. ANDREW WILSON has an entirely new series of scientific articles already prepared.

MR. G. S. STREET is starting a new series early in 1909. Literature will also be represented by Articles and Essays by other Leading Writers of the day, and MR. WILMSHURST will continue his realisations of the heroines of modern novels.

With regard to

## Colonial and Foreign News,

on its treatment of which "The Illustrated London News" prides itself above all things, arrangements have been made to spread wider the already ample net of correspondents, special photographers, and artists. No drawings are published in our paper unless based on the amplest authority, sketch or photograph: for example, even now "The Illustrated London News" has specially commissioned a well-known authority on Indian matters to illustrate and carefully report upon the question of sedition in India.

## The Theatre

which has become such a strong factor in social life of the present day, has long been specially treated in "The Illustrated London News"; and MR. FRANK HAVILAND'S remarkable Series of Portraits is now one of the well-known and eagerly sought features of our pages. Early in 1909 Mr. Haviland will begin an entirely new series, which will far exceed in interest even the wonderful gallery of portraits which our readers of 1908 have so much appreciated. There is no need to call the attention of our readers to the staff of black-and-white artists who have been and will continue to be employed by "The Illustrated London News."

## Black-and-White Art

although quite distinct from work in oil or water-colour, is every whit as important; and such Artists as Mr. S. Begg, Mr. Caton Woodville, Mr. A. Forestier, Mr. Max Cowper, Mr. Russell Flint, Mr. Cyrus Cuneo, Mr. G. C. Wilmshurst, Mr. Frank Haviland, M. Simont, Mr. H. W. Koekkoek, M. Sabattier, M. Georges Scott, hold the highest position in this form of art.

We would remind all readers of this notice that the small sum of 29s. 3d. pays for a subscription (postage and Christmas Number included) to this journal for a whole year. The Christmas Number has for years past been a welcome feature of the season.

We would also point out that subscriptions may be paid quarterly.

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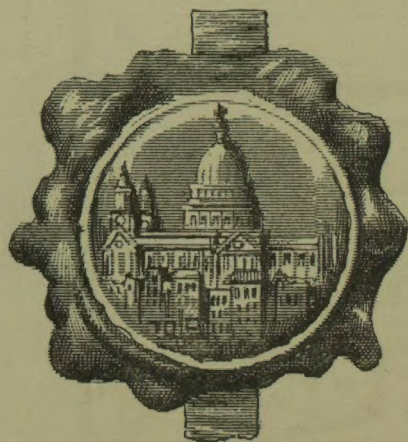
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will and codicil of MR. WILLIAM WILSON, J.P., of Old Warke, Worsley, Lancashire, who died on March 9, are now proved, the value of the estate being £117,657. The testator gives £5000, in trust, for his daughter Dame Emily Stephens; £15,000, and property in Fountain Street, Manchester, to his son Thomas; £15,000, in trust, for his son Francis Egerton; £15,000, in trust, for each of his daughters Eliza Dorning Snape and Annie Ellen Scholfield; £100 to Sir William Stephens; and the residue, including the premises known as Walton's Buildings, to his son William Henry.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1901) of MR. STANDEN PAINE, of Manchester and Devisdale, Bawdon, Chester, who died on Oct. 4, has been proved by the widow, Charles Standen Paine, the son, and John Law Worthington, the value of the estate being £468,486. Mr. Paine gives £5000 to his wife; £100 each and an annuity of £300, while spinsters, to his sisters Selina, Emily, and Letitia Paine; and during the life or widowhood of Mrs. Paine £300 a year to his son Charles, and £200 a year to each of his other children. The residue is to be held, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during widowhood, or from one half should she remarry, and subject thereto for his children as tenants in common.

The will and codicil of SIR WILLIAM BEILBY AVERY, BART., of Oakley Court, Windsor, who died on Oct. 28, were proved on Nov. 30 by Richard Alfred Pinsent and John Frederick Wright, the value of the real and personal estate being £311,083. The testator gives £5000 to his wife, and a sum producing £2000 per annum is to be held in trust for her and his children by her; £1000 each to R. A. Pinsent, his sisters, Ellen Wright, Edith Emily Williams, and Alice Avery, and his nephews and nieces, Clive, Claude, Alistair, Gwendolin, Muriel, and Hilda Wright; and many smaller legacies. The residue of his estate he gives to his son Eric on his attaining twenty-five years of age.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1908) of MR. HENRY WILLIAM HUDSON, of 17, Cleveland Square, and Eling Lodge, Eastbourne, who died on Sept. 28, has been proved, the value of the property amounting to £143,294. The testator gives £500, his residences and contents, and stock and shares of the value of £45,000 to his wife; securities amounting to £34,000 to his daughter Gertrude Margaret Ann, and various indigo concerns in India to his sons, Henry Ewan and Percy Arthur, and to George L. Richardson. Three fifths of the residue goes to his son Henry Ewan, and two fifths to his son Percy Arthur.

The following important wills have now been proved—

Mr. Matthew George Megaw, of Pont Street, Chelsea, and 36, Lime Street, City	£587,870
Mr. George Baxter Smith, 72, Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, and Laxfield, near Framlingham	£126,863
Mr. Joseph Charles Parkinson, Whitehall Court, and 16, Great Marlborough Street	£81,422
Mr. Henry Attlee, 10, Billiter Square, and Westcott, Putney, solicitor	£73,492
Mr. Danby Stevens Christopher, 6, Argyll Place	£69,766
Mrs. Constance Mary Ansdell, Beech Hurst, Pendleton	£47,936
Mr. Richard Key Micklethwait, Zeals House, Wilts	£40,912

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

PRINCESS Henry of Battenberg is taking a personal interest in the movement for providing an English church at Khartoum. A meeting was held last week at the Mansion House, when an appeal was made on behalf of this fund. It seems probable that Khartoum will be one of the great travellers' centres, and a fully equipped Anglican church is greatly required.

The Archbishop-designate of York has been spending much time during Advent in the North of England. He recently addressed a huge meeting of men in West Hartlepool Town Hall. His reception was enthusiastic, and Dr. Gordon Lang accepted it as a welcome to the North. "I know the hand of the North is horny," he proceeded, "but its grasp is very strong; and the heart of the North is deep and sometimes hard to find, but when you have found it, it beats true and warm."

In the course of his address, the Bishop paid a high tribute to Canon Cosgrave, who is leaving West Hartlepool to take up missionary work in India. "I think," said Dr. Lang, "that Canon Cosgrave is a Christian light and leading to you men of West Hartlepool. You cannot go with him. You cannot lay things aside with that apostolic simplicity and start with your carpet-bag for India or some other part of the world, but you can do the same in spirit."

An episcopal ring, and £187, have been presented to the Bishop of Dorking, who shortly proceeds to Japan as Bishop Awdry's successor, by many of those who have appreciated his work in that part of the diocese of Winchester specially committed to his charge. In a letter written on behalf of the subscribers the hope is expressed that something will be purchased with the money that will be of service to Dr. Boutflower in his new duties.

Archdeacon Moule, who has been appointed to the living of Burwarton, in Shropshire, will not enter permanently on this charge till he has paid another visit to his mission-station in Mid-China. He wishes to take part once more with Mrs. Moule in his old work of preaching and teaching, and in the literary and educational departments.

The Rev. Charles Oldfield, Prebendary of Lincoln, and for many years Vicar of Stamford, has passed away at the age of seventy-five. Canon Oldfield was an intimate friend of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and fellow-undergraduate with him at Trinity College, Cambridge. He did a noble and unselfish work in Stamford during thirty years. In 1904, as his health showed signs of failure, Canon Oldfield retired to Bournemouth. He was devoted to the interests of the Church Missionary Society and the Bible Society.—V.



ONE OF THE MICHELIN TWINS.

At the Paris Motor Show this year, the Michelin Tyre Co. exhibited two of their famous "Bibendum" figures, christened the "Michelin Twins." The figures were intended to popularise the new Michelin twin tyre.

Miss Annie Cundey, 7, Clifton Place, Sussex Square	£34,999
Hon. Edward John Stanley, 18, Mansfield Street, W.	£18,591
Rev. Joseph Leicester Lyne—"Father Ignatius"—Llanthony Abbey, Brecon	£2,510

Experiments in colour-photography for kinematograph purposes have been going on for many years, and the efforts of Mr. G. Albert Smith, on behalf of the Charles Urban Trading Company, have at length been crowned with success. Several private exhibitions of the results of the new process have been given this year, both in London and Paris, and the reproduction of natural colours in moving photographs has been pronounced perfect and marvellous. Mr. Albert Smith gave a lecture-demonstration of his two-colour system at the Society of Arts last week, which aroused great enthusiasm, and it is understood that the public will very shortly have an opportunity of seeing the wonderful effects obtained by this new kinematography in colour.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS FINE-ART PLATES.

THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.  
29 in. by 17½ in.A PASSING CLOUD.  
29 in. by 18½ in.A WELCOME FOOTSTEP.  
14½ in. by 25 in.THE PEACEMAKER.  
29 in. by 17½ in.A HONEYMOON.  
29 in. by 17½ in.

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